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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WRITER JOHNSON, AFTER 18 YEARS STILL AN AVID SUNFISH SAILOR, IS AT SEA OFF CAPE COD

Senior Writer William Oscar Johnson has a line in his piece on the Sunfish, which begins on page 74, that the boat was designed "to do nothing but make people happy." The craft has succeeded beyond its creators' wildest dreams, but a lot of us here have failed to achieve true happiness in our relationships with the Sunfish.

Johnson, who acquired his back in 1964, recalls, "I was really pretty bad with it at first. I always had mud on the mast, which is the mark of a poor sailor. I remember racing it on the Hudson River, with my son Billy, then 10; we were last by so much that the committee boat kept trying to tow us in, but we turned them down."

"The Hudson has very quirky currents, tides and winds," he adds, defensively. "Also freighters, like skyscrapers going by." Still, Johnson seems to be the stuffer who was made happiest by the Sunfish: He still has his boat, although its original bright red paint has faded to "a blushing pink."

Associate Editor Margaret Sheck, an editor at *Boating* magazine before she joined SI, went for her first sail on a Sunfish at 10 and also puts the experience into the mud-on-the-mast category. "Sunfish aren't designed for two adults and two children," she says. "We capsized, and the mast was stuck solidly in the mud for an hour and a half."

Our most accomplished sailor, Production Manager Gene Ulrich, has owned eight boats, including his cur-

rent one, "the ultimate dream machine, a 32-foot, double-enders, cutter-rigged sloop," but his first was a Sunfish. His son, Chris, loved it, although our art director, Harvey Grut, did not. "Hary had a habit of slipping over the side," says Ulrich. "We kept having to retrieve him from the water."

Reporter Armen Keteysan had his woes, too. "My first, and only, experience with a Sunfish came just after college," he says. "On a whim, Dave Smith, an old friend of mine who's now a relief pitcher with the Houston Astros, and I decided to go for a sail on San Diego's Mission Bay, telling each other confidently that sure we knew how. Luck and a good wind got us out into the bay, but when it was time to turn back, we looked at each other and both said, 'You take it in.' It became evident that neither of us knew the first thing about how to reach the dock. Two hours later we made it, but it was Smith, not me, who pulled us through."

Finally, Associate Writer Sarah Pileggi, who does a lot of our boating coverage, says that she took her first sailing lessons on a Sunfish, off Truro in Cape Cod Bay. What Pileggi learned from this undertaking was: "Never sail from Truro to Provincetown without any money for lunch."

Philip D. Howard



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Sports Illustrated

Sideline

by RICK TELANDER

IS THERE A FAN WHO DOESN'T YEARN FOR THE BEST SEATS IN THE HOUSE?

Good tickets are rare things. This is a postulate of life. I learned it in the fifth grade when I went with 30 other Peoria traffic safety patrol boys to a Chicago Cubs game at Wrigley Field. Though there were fewer than 2,000 people in the stands, we young samaritans sat about 50 rows from the field, surrounded by empty seats. The ushers wouldn't let us move. We didn't have good tickets.

You live with this. Good tickets belong to other people for the same reasons other people have straighter drives and whiter teeth: luck, money, inheritance.

And then, the other day, I got good tickets. Or rather, my father did. But I got them for him.

In the middle of a conversation my fa-

ther mentioned that he'd like to get season tickets to Chicago Blitz games. The Blitz is Chicago's entry in the United States Football League. I asked him why, and he said because he'd tried for years to get good tickets to Chicago Bears games but couldn't.

This was in late July and the Blitz was so new in town that directory assistance had no number for the team. I called the sports desk at the Chicago Tribune and somebody gave me the number the public could use to call the Blitz. I dialed the number and a woman answered.

I told her I wanted two season tickets to Blitz games. She asked me where I wanted to sit.

I asked my dad

He shrugged.

"Fifty-yard line," I told the lady.

"All right," she said. "What row?"

My father and I talked it over. The fifth row was too close. So was the 15th. The 40th row was too far back. The 30th

just didn't feel right. How about the 21st?

"Fine," said the lady. "Two season tickets on the 50-yard line, 21st row."

She took my dad's VISA card number, and that was it.

As if to prove it was no fluke, my mother called up the Blitz two days later and added two tickets on the 50-yard line, 20th row. This arrangement would make it easy for my parents' guests to turn and shoot the breeze whenever something exciting happened. There would always be friends who would want to join her and my dad, she explained, because the tickets were so good.

O.K. It's the Blitz. It's the USFL. The whole league could go belly-up before the first game is played next spring. Or the Blitz might end up playing in a high school stadium in Gary instead of at Soldier Field.

But the 50-yard line is the 50-yard line. Life is odd. What can you say. We've got good tickets.

END

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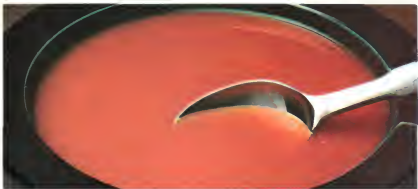
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SOUP IS GOOD FOOD



EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

INSULTS AND BRINKMANSHIP

Labor relations in sports can take strange twists and turns. NBA and major league baseball owners lavish huge salaries on their players even as they solemnly insist they can't afford to do so. In the NFL, on the other hand, the owners concede that they can afford bigger salaries but refuse to shell them out. Expressing the hope that an impending players' strike could be averted, NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle recently offered assurances that "there is enough money to be carved up" between owners and players, an incontrovertible fact in view of the league's new five-year, \$2.1 billion TV contract. And Washington Redskins Chairman Jack Kent Cooke has publicly allowed that "in my opinion, the players deserve more money, perhaps much more money than they're presently getting."

So why aren't they getting it? Last week, four days before the opening of the 1982 season, the NFL Management Council sought to break its collective-bargaining impasse with the NFL Players Association by making an offer that it said would give players more than \$600 million in "new money." As the council outlined it, \$40 million of that sum would be in the form of benefit increases, \$126 million would come in "career-adjustment" bonuses and \$475 million more in salary increases, a figure the council arrived at by assuming that salaries would continue to go up by the 15% a year they had in recent years. The council also offered to relax restrictions on free agency a bit, although not nearly as much as they've been eased in the NBA and in baseball. NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey promptly rejected the proposal, which he called an "insult."

The NFL's offer wasn't as generous as it may have seemed. The proposed bonus arrangement called for immediate payment of \$10,000 to every present NFL player for each year of service from 1977 to 1982 and an additional \$10,000 bonus for each year of service from 1983 to 1986—up to a maximum \$100,000 per player. But Garvey, noting that the average NFL career is just 4.2 years, claims that no more than 5% of all current players would stand to collect the full \$100,000. Also, there's no assurance that future NFLers would get a significant

piece of the action. Nor would there be anything to prevent clubs from compensating for the bonus outlays by being stingier when it came to giving raises, notwithstanding management's assumption that such raises would continue to average 15% a year. "They're saying they've improved the free-agent system," says Garvey. "Then they're saying salaries will continue to rise at 15%. If they've improved the system, shouldn't the salaries go up higher?" As for the assumption that salaries will continue to rise at 15%, Garvey says, "They tell us, 'Trust us,' but they don't guarantee anything."

If the NFL owners really mean what they say about players deserving more money, they should provide it—with guarantees. Instead, they continue to practice a form of brinkmanship underscored when Management Council Executive Director Jack Donlan coyly described his side's new proposal as "very close to where we're going to go," the implication being that the council was still withholding its best offer. Instead of making the players knuckle under, this risky strategy has steadily strengthened the resolve of a union that until now hasn't been particularly unified.

The NFLPA has threatened a whole-sale walkout as early as next week and no later than Oct. 3, but it's a measure of the membership's growing unease that the Seattle Seahawks nearly took it upon themselves to strike Sunday's season opener against Cleveland because of their conviction, right or wrong, that Wide Receiver Sam McCullum had been waived as the result of his activities as the club's player representative. Another indication of rank-and-file resoluteness came when several members of the Houston Oilers, given copies of the new management offer, burned them in the club's locker room. Unless the owners soon change their ill-conceived bargaining tactics, the next thing to go up in smoke could be the 1982 NFL season.

MAN OVERBOARD

Alek Misheff, a 42-year-old Bulgarian-born artist who lives in Milan, puts himself into his work with a vengeance. Acting on his view that "every artist creates his own show, be it with canvas or per-

formance," Misheff on one occasion donned huge plastic wings and suspended himself by pulleys high above a meadow to create a work called *How to Fly With Fans*. For an artwork-event entitled *The Mole*, he burrowed into a heap of paper balls meant to represent the earth. Then there's something called *The Fire* in which Misheff proposes to wear a flame-retardant costume and set himself ablaze on stage. That's still in "the project stage" because, as Misheff gingerly puts it, *The Fire* "has too many aspects which recall the concept of danger."

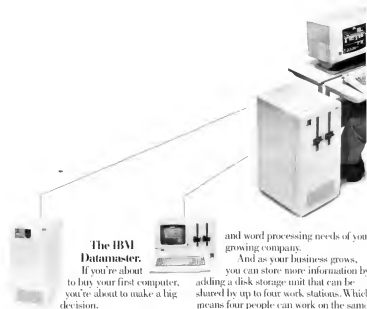
In addition to air, earth and fire, Misheff has celebrated a fourth element, water. Although he claims to have been an accomplished middle-distance runner as a youth, he now spends almost as much time swimming as he does on terra firma. "With swimming, I've found the



perfect way to balance my life and my work," he says. One of Misheff's earliest plunges into what might be called aquatic art was a performance entitled *The Swimming Pool*; the artist simply swam for an hour in a small portable pool, after which the audience was served 44 pounds of Bulgarian beans. That was followed by *Blowing Bubbles* in which, as Misheff described it in his book, *My Lies*, he used liquid soap to blow bubbles in a tank and then asked the audience to do the same. All this was preparatory to Misheff's masterwork, *Swimming Across the Atlantic*. What this involved, it turned out, was nothing more heroic than Misheff's swimming in a pool aboard the *Queen Elizabeth 2* as the ship

continued

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crossed from Southampton to New York last month on its first passenger voyage following its service in the Falklands war. *Misheff* built up to the QE2 crossing by staging a dozen related happenings, including exhibitions of his paintings and a theatrical piece in Milan, *The Aquatic Cocktail Party*, during which he swam two laps underwater, then was joined in the pool by a formally dressed waiter who served him champagne.

For the QE2 voyage, *Misheff* was carried aboard the ship in a blue tub—"a goldfish in a bowl" is how he described himself. He swam in the quarterdeck pool for two to four hours a day, using only the butterfly stroke. This is the most demanding stroke and also, according to *Misheff*, "the most beautiful." There was a storm during the crossing, and he says, "Everyone else was taking seasick pills, but the water calmed me. I moved with it, not against it." During fair weather, other passengers joined him in the pool, and they received a diploma signed by *Misheff* signifying that they, too, had swam across the Atlantic.

Inevitably, some people aboard the QE2 wondered whether their butterfly-stroking, diploma-conferring fellow passenger might be, well, a grain overboard. Undaunted, *Misheff* explained that *Swimming Across the Atlantic* was merely intended to "poke fun at preconception and challenge the absurd." And, oh yes, would anybody like to help him finance his voyage by buying a section of his drawing *Wave on Wave*? *Misheff* created that work in five days of nonstop toil in Milan. It consisted of wavy lines drawn on a 30-meter-long strip of paper with 400 blue ball-point pens. Ten meters were sold at a price of roughly \$650 a meter.

MIXED PAIR

Houston Astro First Baseman Ray Knight has been going around in recent months with a young woman he introduces as "my girl friend, Nancy." Double takes are in order. The object of Knight's very obvious affection is Nancy Lopez, the golfer. The 29-year-old Knight, who as of Sunday was among the National League batting leaders with a .298 average, met Lopez, 25, who's eighth on this year's LPGA money list, in Houston, where they were living only a few doors apart. Lopez' divorce from Houston sportscaster Tim Melton recently became final, and friends don't rule out the possi-

bility that she and Knight will marry. There's no telling what Rona Barrett would say about any of this, but students of mixed-sports romances would no doubt rank a Knight-Lopez union right up there with such other notable pairings as Jackie Jensen-Zoe Ann Olsen, Ralph Kiner-Nancy Chaffee and Terry Bradshaw-Jo Jo Starbuck.

PAWK YAH CAH MEAN FENWAY PAWK

Larry Barnett's name was misspelled Larry Bonnett on the Fenway Park scoreboard at the start of a recent Red Sox game. It seems that the scoreboard operator had been given Barnett's name orally, something that can obviously cause problems in Bahstan.

UNFAEZD

This year's U.S. Open was sullied by the sort of player misbehavior that has become all too common in tennis. During his quarterfinal victory over Gene Mayer, John McEnroe asked that the line judge be changed after he had called four foot faults on McEnroe. Although the rules make no provision for honoring such a request, McEnroe got a new judge. During a win over Victor Amaya, Johan Kriek protested a call by shaking an umpire's stand. Then there was the Nastase-Jimmy Connors match. When Mike Blanchard, the tournament referee, called for a suspension of action because of a light rainfall, Nastase and Jimbo blithely kept on playing. When the characteristically abusive Nastase began cursing and carrying on, Don Wiley, the chair umpire, after issuing a warning, hit him with a point penalty that cost him a game. Nastase then warned Wiley that if Wiley kept looking at him, "I kill you." During a break Nastase threw a towel at Wiley, who pretended not to notice the affront.

Why do tennis officials put up with such antics, which would get a baseball or basketball player thrown out of a game? The answer is that players can be immediately replaced in those sports and are thus expendable, which isn't the case in tennis. All right then, how does somebody like Wiley feel about being subjected to public abuse? SI's Joy Duckett posed that question to Wiley, who professed to be unfazed. He suggested that cursing at officials has always gone on in sports, the only difference being that in tennis a microphone is now at court-side

to pick it up. As for how it felt to be hit by a towel and threatened in front of a large audience, Wiley shrugged and said, "I can't give you feelings. I can only give you facts. It goes with officiating in professional sports."

That's an interesting commentary on professional sports. So is something else Wiley said. Referring to the Connors-Nastase match, he wryly concluded, "It was a very good, entertaining match... as far as the crowd was concerned."

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD

One of the services we've faithfully tried to perform in these pages is to keep abreast of the admittedly esoteric research of Jed Brickner, a Los Angeles lawyer and track-and-field nut who analyzes performances on the basis of days of the week on which they occur (SCORECARD, March 10, 1980, et seq.). Conspicuous among Brickner's previously reported findings was the fact that only one athlete had the top performance in his specialty for each day of the week—Edwin Moses in the 400-meter hurdles. But that, as Brickner now notes, was before West Germany's Harald Schmid won the 400-meter hurdles in last week's European championships in Athens (page 66). Moses still holds the world record of 47.13 set on July 3, 1980—a Thursday—and he also has the "records" for Sunday (47.59), Monday (47.90), Tuesday (47.14), Friday (47.17) and Saturday (47.45). But Schmid's time of 47.48 in Athens eclipsed Moses' mark of 47.64 as the fastest ever on a Wednesday, thereby ending the latter's reign as the sport's only seven-day wonder.

THEY SAID IT

- Ed Garvey, the NFLPA's executive director, after being booed by many of the 1,600 fans who attended a Washington Redskins team luncheon: "They had me confused with Steve Garvey."
- Ron Davis, Minnesota Twins pitcher, objecting to a newspaper story in which he was quoted as criticizing the club's management for trading away many of its top players: "All I said was that the trades were stupid and dumb, and they took that and blew it all out of proportion."
- Lynn Jones, Detroit Tiger rightfielder, to shack-fielding rookie Centerfielder Glenn Wilson: "Kid, they're going to name a glove after you."

END

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He Lit Up The Joint

It was lights-out in the U.S. Open final for Ivan Lendl when Jimmy Connors got his juices flowing **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

There they are again—Jimmy and Patti embracing near the stands, and baby Brett, asleep back in the hotel room, makes three. And the U.S. Open makes four. One man's family. Aren't they fantastic? She, the former Patti McGuire, Playmate of the Century, or something; he, James Scott Connors, the former pain in the sport's butt. Ain't it funny how time slips away?

Well, time stood still this summer. Just when tennis seemed about to be taken over by John McEnroe, Connors beat him at Wimbledon. And last Sunday at Flushing Meadow, just when the game was ripe to be ravaged by that one-man forehand horde from Czechoslovakia, Ivan Lendl, Connors beat him to win his fourth U.S. Open. The only other year Connors has won both Wimbledon and the Open is 1974. Eight years—a long time between dinks. Connors turned 30 on the third day of this year's Open.

continued

Ω
OMEGA

LENDL

CONNORS





Lendl's serve overpowered Mac, but Connors' returns of serve overwhelmed Lendl.

utes, respectively Lendl had enveloped McEnroe with a devastating delivery, winning 48 of the 57 points in which he got in his first serve. By contrast, Connors, the game's finest serve returner (for how long now?), held Lendl to a virtual standoff, winning 32 of 67 such points.

Connors, in fact, was the Jimboian oracle of old, just as he had been throughout a tournament in which he was pressed only by the high-bouncing topspin of Guillermo Vilas, whom he beat 6-1, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3 in the semis. When he wasn't pumping his fists or wagging his fingers at Lendl, Connors was skidding low balls deep into the corners, which precluded Lendl from applying any power or aggression. Also, in his "crossroads year," as Connors kept saying, Jimbo had a new serve. He tosses the ball more out front and less to the side so he can get more body into the delivery as well as an initial thrust forward for the volley. Connors said his serve is what won him the tournament.

Two years ago, when Lendl blatantly tanked to face Connors in the Masters to avoid facing Bjorn Borg—whoever that is—Connors referred to Lendl as "chicken." It's no secret that the animosity in-

U.S. OPEN continued

The big 3-oh. Now everybody else is dour or sour or sick or injured or misunderstood or some kind of ornery critter or rebel, and Connors is the good guy. Ain't it funny how slime slips away?

The Open began to slip away from Lendl and toward Connors early in the final, when Lendl realized he couldn't rely on his oppressive first serve, which had handcuffed McEnroe in the semis. Nor could Lendl loosen up to whip out his

slingshot forehand. McEnroe had seemed transfixed by that stroke, like a rabbit in the glare of headlights. But against Connors, Lendl knew that the hard stuff would come back just as hard. So he was tentative. Worried about the final, Lendl didn't sleep the night before, and his anxiety showed in the first two sets as he got in only 42% of his first serves. Those sets were lost quickly, in 42 and 37 min-

Per usual, close calls that went against him didn't sit well with the whining McEnroe.



gers. Jimbo had beaten Lendl eight times in a row until last month in Cincinnati, where Lendl routed him 6-1, 6-1. But there were whispers that Connors had in the brush in Cincy as psychological preparation for just the meeting that took place Sunday in New York.

Clucking noises may have been heard early in the third set at Flushing Meadow after Connors mimicked Lendl's sulking over a call. Lendl then became irritated and swatted some mindless shots to fall behind 3-1. He was obviously frustrated at his inability to end the points sooner, not to mention end them at all. Afterward, Connors said, "Nobody likes to see a ball coming back at you faster than you deliver it."

Yet Jimbo couldn't put Lendl away. Just after one of the worms in the Big Apple screamed at Lendl to "go home," he broke back for three-all and then broke to win the set 6-4. Now Lendl finally was taking a full windup and confidently hitting out from both sides, and Connors knew he was in a match.

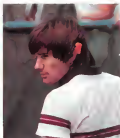
But when Lendl nailed a backhand pass to break back for two-all in the fourth set and then crushed one of his 14 aces for 30-all in the fifth game, Connors stiffened. A long baseline rally ensued. Suddenly, Connors darted in, lunged to intercept Lendl's bullet off the backhand wing and volleyed the ball into the clear. On the next point, Lendl tried another backhand pass, this time down the line, but Jimbo covered that one, too. He had another break, and he carefully protected serve to run out the match, 6-3, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4.

"I made one comeback," said Lendl. "I needed one more. You think Jimmy would go out there now and try it again?"

Even before he encountered McEnroe and Connors, Lendl's swashbuckling style and strange sense of humor seemed to pervade the Open. Item: target practice. While Lendl passed up a chance to pummel Connors with an overhead in the final and an even better opportunity to part McEnroe's forehead in the semis—

Johnny Mac cowered behind the net after granting Lendl a setup, but Lendl blithely pushed the ball over his head—he has been known to ignore gentility and deliberately smack a rival at close range. Witness the WCT finals in Dallas last April, when he sent McEnroe to the carpet four times for an automatic TKO. At the Open it was everyone into the pool. Even Hana Mandlikova drilled Pam Shriver in the stomach. And after Chip Hooper, the towering (6'6") new black star, knocked Roscoe Tanner down a couple of times en route to beating him in a macho power orgy over five sets and 61 games in the second round, he answered Tanner's protests against being hit by quoting Lendl: "Nobody ask him to come to net." Hooper even feigned a Czechoslovakian accent.

Item: public relations. Following each match, Lendl would don a WCT cap and a shirt that read TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS—FOREST HILLS and parade all over the joint, at once alienating Grand Prix



Connors had a ball, whether he was eating it or swiping at it, and he charmed the fans with flower power.

tour bigwigs (who are at war with Lamar Hunt's maverick WCT circuit), the ATP (his fellow players' union), the U.S. Tennis Association (whose officials thought they had buried Forest Hills forevermore several summers back) and Lendl's own agents at Donald Dell's ProServ, the same peace-loving, wonderful folks who

represent the peace-loving, wonderful Arthur Ashe and Stan Smith.

One night Lendl impishly rambled on and on during a CBS interview while knowing full well that the network desired only a quick spot. As a result, CBS had to waste several takes, which forced the international print media, angrily

continued

stewing several foxholes away, to blow deadlines on several continents. Lendl then greeted his numerous friends in the press room by yawning. A woman asked him a question in English. Lendl, who converses with ease in that language, snickered "Could you please translate that?" he said.

Since last year's Open, Lendl had won 117 of 124 matches. This year he had reached the final in 16 of the 18 tournaments he entered, winning 11 of them. At the Open he overcame a two-sets-to-one deficit against the bee-bees of Tim Mayotte, a Wimbledon semifinalist; avenged his French Open loss to Mats Wilander with a 6-2, 6-2, 6-2 rout; and rudely trashed the upset hopes of the veteran Australian Kim Warwick, who had surprised two seeds, Jose-Luis Clerc (No. 7) and Yannick Noah (No. 9), to reach the quarters. "I had to get ahead of him (Lendl) early because once he starts thinking about losing he gets nervous," said Warwick, who never got ahead and lost four, three and one. Then Warwick

Chris's toughest foe was cheesecake as she won her sixth Open in eight years.



said of Lendl, "He won't beat McEnroe or Connors. Certainly not both. The two of them are better on this surface. Especially in New York." Warwick virtually spat out the words. He was asked if his opinion was colored by any dislike of his conqueror. "What's there to

dislike?" he said. "There's no personality there. The guy's just a bleeping bighead." So much for objectivity.

In the harsh light of reality—late Saturday afternoon, shadows falling, withering 90° heat—Lendl exposed the three-time defending champion's vulnerability to a sheer bare-knuckled slugger. In baseball parlance, Lendl took McEnroe downtown with his 6-4, 6-4, 7-6 victory

right there in Mac's home ball park. In one respect McEnroe's game is all junk and bully—create openings and craft shots, vary the rhythm, kill the ump. But McEnroe's kit bag emanates from and is dependent upon the effectiveness of his side-kicking southpaw serve, which raises hell with most righthanders. A suspicion gaining credence on the tour is that if McEnroe were righthanded, he would be your basic everyday losing quarterfinalist.

McEnroe overcame Borg with his serve. He still befuddles Connors with his change of pace. But Lendl is of a different ilk. He whaled away at McEnroe's delivery, not only preventing any consistent Mac attack but also sending McEnroe reeling on his heels behind the baseline, uncertain and ultimately at the mercy of the Lendl forehand, surely the fiercest weapon in the game today. On Lendl's serve, McEnroe offered little retaliation. When Mac's returns weren't crisp and deep, when he simply flipped back all those spins and short angles, the "artistry" everyone raves about, Lendl jumped on the junk and swatted it off the premises. "He forces me to do things I don't like to do. I get disorganized," said McEnroe after the debacle.

In the last 15 months Lendl now has beaten McEnroe six straight times, winning 16 of 17 sets, in three countries plus Texas, on several surfaces. Name your poison. Following Lendl's victory last week, McEnroe gracefully whined that he felt "bleeped upon" by the crowd—an astounding revelation considering the New Yorkers' hosannahs after their native son went ahead 5-2 in the third set tiebreaker—and complained about bad line calls, a tedious refrain that was particularly susceptible from a loser.

After Lendl won the first two sets, riding breaks in the fifth and first games, respectively, and surviving a double fault at set point in the second, he fell into a shaky patch. He warded off break points in two early games in the third set and patiently waited through many shouted complaints to the linesmen from the grim weeper on the other side of the net. Lendl twice served to save the set. Still, there were doubts he could hang on, and when McEnroe led 5-2 in the tiebreaker, with two serves coming, Lendl's fortitude was once again called into question. *It's over. McEnroe wins 6-4 in the fifth.* The feeling buzzed through the stadium. But fol-

lowing a duel at the net, Lendl nailed a lunging backhand winner into the open court. Then McEnroe double-faulted. Whoosh! Just like that, from 5-2 to 5-4, a brand new tiebreaker.

Against Lendl's second serve, McEnroe floated a wounded butterfly of a return too deep. At five-all Lendl walloped, with all his might, as brave a shot as he has ever struck—another forehand down the line—to reach match point. McEnroe served and volleyed to save it, and after changing sides, he shook his fist on high to the roaring crowd. Then McEnroe stalled, fidgeted, tightened his shoelaces... and missed his first serve by four feet.

When McEnroe's second delivery came up a balloon, Lendl lashed an untouchable forehand crosscourt return that so stunned his victim he hardly vibrated a vocal chord. On this match point, Lendl cracked another forehand to put the champ out of his terrible misery of a summer—an ending fittingly grody to all the Macs.

In the locker room earlier last week there was this exchange:

Ilie Nastase: "Lendl, you have your name on your sneakers. You have your name on your rackets. What the bleep did you ever win to deserve that?"

Lendl: "I want to play you, Nastase. I want to hit you with the ball."

Nastase: "Don't screw with me, Lendl. You do, I go get Connors."

Which is exactly what happened in the finals. The Open got Connors and Connors got Lendl. Even if he had lost, Connors would have been No. 1 on the preposterous ATP computer, but now he is No. 1 in deed as well as by machine. Only four other men, Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, Don Budge, and Rod Laver, have twice won Wimbledon and the U.S. championship in the same year. That's pretty fair company. Of course, Connors also has Pat. And Brett. "They are my life, not tennis," he says. And now he had his fourth U.S. Open as

well. And this time he was the good guy.

As for the distaff version of the Open, the important moments were delineated by of all things a cheesecake, a cat and a Gadusek before Chris Evert Lloyd finally righted the ship by winning her sixth



Like Czech-mate Lendl, Hana got beat in the final.

Open in the last eight years as well as her 66th match in the nationals, the latter a record achieved by no other woman in history.

Evert Lloyd wasn't supposed to win this tournament, of course. Nor was the defender, Tracy Austin. No human female on the planet was given a chance against the great Martina Navratilova—the expatriate, diva and cover girl; winner of 64 of 65 matches this year and 41 straight; seeker of the Grand Slam, not to mention the Grand Strap, a million-dollar bonus for winning four tournaments designated by Playtex. However, before anybody could figure out those staggering credentials and possibilities, some weird occurrences took place. First, Navratilova went around humbly crediting herself with instant immortality and say-

continued

ing things like, "I don't have to play my best to win." Then Evert Lloyd got mad, or rather "a little insulted," and suggested, à la Casey Stengel, how you could look it up about immortality. Then Evert Lloyd got sick. A piece of cheesecake was the culprit.

Next, Andrea Jaeger roughed up and four-lettered an usher for asking her to move from an aisle in the stadium.



Shriver comforted Navratilova after upsetting her but lacked the shots against Mandlikova in the semifinals.

This was George Steinbrenner's personal usher, mind you. Then somebody named Bonnie Gadusek showed up in the quarters insisting she used to be a prospective Olympic gymnast who broke her neck on the unparallel bars (no wonder she broke her neck), received a K-Mart racket as a get-well present and wrote letters to 50 tennis coaches before Harry Hopman agreed to work with her. Gadusek also claimed to be from Pittsburgh. Whooooa.

Subsequently, the weirdest thing of all happened. Navratilova got beat. What was more perplexing was that nobody seemed to know whether she had lost to Shriver, her good friend and doubles partner, or to a cat who had nibbled from

her bowl of nuts. *Wild Kingdom* Film at 11. Navratilova would have escaped such a predicament if she hadn't squandered a 6-1, 5-4, 30-15 lead and then lost her concentration in the second-set tiebreaker, which the rejuvenated Shriver won 7-5. As Ted Tinsling, the noted courtier, was to say, "You let Pamela back into a match and she knows no bounds." And it wasn't as if Shriver hadn't been there before, either.

In 1978, like a cygnet testing her feathers, Shriver had defeated the No. 1-ranked Navratilova to reach the Open final. Now, from two-all in the third set, she played four perfect games—"I was zoning," said Shriver. "... No, I don't use that word; it's tacky"—climaxed by a sharp backhand volley that seemed to knife into both the competitors' hearts. They left the court in tears and hugs, the Grand Slam gone on tiny cats' paws. "I told Martina that I was sorry," said Shriver. "I don't know why."

Afterward, somewhere between the time Navratilova belted one photographer with a towel and ransacked another one's film—freelancer Art Seitz swears he's hiring Marvin Mischelson to sue for damages—she got around to explaining how she had recently contracted acute toxoplasmosis, a viral condition sometimes transmitted by cats that weakens the muscles. Navratilova didn't say how weak she felt in the 17-minute first set or when she was serving for the match in the second, but Seitz verified that her muscles didn't seem weak when he encountered her. In that fray she was aided by her strawberry-blond henchperson, Nancy Lieberman—a/k/a Agent Orange—who elbowed Seitz in the back. The next day, one Gary Wadler, M.D. confirmed Navratilova's condition to such an extent in the media that the explanation produced some undesirable effects. Shriver, a tad sarcastic, "If she was that diseased, I can't believe I lost a game." Famous New York comic: "I know that doctor. He kept me out of the service." Amateur humorist: "Cat? The girl played like a dog." Yada yada yada...

With big tabby away, the mice will play. Speaking of which, Austin, the squeaking wonder, had played only one



Jaeger went belly-up when she hit the semis.

tournament since Wimbledon, because of injuries, and she was hardly match-tough. Mandlikova, her quarterfinal opponent, had learned how to beat Austin in June at the French. Their meeting in the quarterfinals was a replay of that horrid affair in which the two engaged in a wind-whipped nervous match that set

back the women's game no more than a couple of decades.

This time Mandlikova won 4-6, 6-4, 6-4, but when she served for the match at 5-3 in the third, she kept few balls within the borough. When Austin—"Oust-en," Mandlikova pronounces it; "ousted" is what she was—served to tie at 4-5, she wobbled a backhand into the bottom of the net and then double-faulted as Mandlikova crowded forward almost into the service box. One observer figured both women had eaten some cheesecake dipped in cat hairs. Two days later Mandlikova drifted into one of her spasms of brilliance in the third set to defeat Shriver in the semis, 6-4, 2-6, 6-2.

Meanwhile, Evert Lloyd was plodding along, losing a point here and there until she ran into the legendary Gadusek, who had dropped just 12 games in four matches. She remained a legend for exactly 11 games against Evert Lloyd by taking the first set 6-4 and breaking serve to begin the second. A visor with ruffles concealing her stern visage and a no-holds-barred athleticism all about her, Gadusek kept Evert Lloyd hopping with looping lobs interspersed with sharp drives and angles. "I'm not used to somebody so consistent," Evert Lloyd said, "but I didn't want to be another casualty." So Evert Lloyd pulled herself together, wait-

ed out the storm and won the next 12 games.

When Navratilova lost, John Lloyd was in the Elisse showrooms in Manhattan's garment district selecting outfits for him and his wife. John immediately called Chris at their hotel and woke her with the news. "I didn't know what to think," she said later. "But if determination is any factor I would have won this tournament anyway."

In her last two alleged matches, Evert Lloyd surrendered all of seven games, defeating Jaeger 6-2, 6-1 and Mandlikova 6-3, 6-1. The former lost heart early. Evert Lloyd discovered the latter actually nunching on cheesecake 10 minutes before the final. "Haha!" Evert Lloyd cried, "haven't you been reading the papers?"

Well, Evert Lloyd always keeps her eyes and ears open. After she heard that Ashe had wondered publicly if she was still "hungry," she went to him and said she was not only hungry but "starving."

"Every year more of my toughness chips away and sometimes I just want to mellow out," Evert Lloyd said after the final. "But maybe I have my place in history now. Six Opens. That ties me for the record, right?"

Sorry, Chris. Helen Wills Moody won seven and Molla B. Mallory eight. Let's hope somebody persuades Evert Lloyd to play a few more years—even if she goes home and has a baby—so she can grab that record. Somebody also should tell her that at the U.S. Open, real women don't eat cheesecake.

ESMO

Gadusek played at a breakneck pace until she ran into the unparalleled Evert Lloyd, whom she had down a set and a break before falling.



Defense Canned The Candidates

Heisman hopefuls Danny Marino and Kelvin Bryant didn't impress any voters in Pitt's 7-6 victory over North Carolina

by JACK MCCALLUM

Serafino Dante Fazio, called Foge, spent the day after his first victory as a head coach the way new coaches usually spend them, particularly those with Fazio's outgoing manner. He glad-handed everyone in sight, read congratulatory telegrams, chatted with former players on the phone—"Hey, did you catch my act on the sidelines?" he asked ex-Panther Jo Jo Heath—and forgot to tell his secretary to pick up his wife for an appointment.

"That was a bad one," said Fazio, shaking his head.

Norma Fazio will no doubt forgive her husband's oversight because he is, after all, the first Pitt head coach to win his debut since John Michelosen in 1955. Such notables as John Majors and Jackie Sherrill, from whom Fazio took the reins this season when Sherrill went to Texas A&M, had losing debuts at Pitt. So did Carl DePasqua in 1969.

Of course, Fazio was supposed to win, and in more spectacular fashion than the desultory 7-6 triumph the Panthers achieved over North Carolina last Thursday night at Three Rivers Stadium. And he's supposed to win the next 10 games too, judging from Pitt's consensus preseason No. 1 ranking. The Panthers will probably survive as No. 1 this week—SI kept them in the top position—but their offensive performance against Carolina (197 net yards, seven illegal-procedure or offside penalties) isn't the stuff of which national champions are made.

"I expected maybe 35-28 our way," said Fazio after the game. "I expected a high-scoring game. I wanted to give our fans a good show. Seven-six, that's Neanderthal football."

Oh, how quickly men in power are corrupted. First, Fazio comes to the game in a spiffy blue blazer and khaki slacks, disdaining the windbreaker he wore when he was a Pitt assistant. "Hey, everybody dresses up for a debut, right?" he said. "I thought I looked nice. I'm going to wear it all season." Then, the man who fashioned the best defense in college

football the last two seasons says he wants to see touchdowns.

In truth, the game was supposed to be a Hersman highlight film for the national TV audience, but, in an active day of trading, the Heisman stock of both Pitt Quarterback Danny Marino (28 passes, 15 completions for a mere 125 yards, four interceptions and three sacks) and North Carolina Running Back Kelvin Bryant (58 yards rushing in 16 carries) plummeted several points on the big board. Marino at times used the forward pass like a punt, throwing it blindly into a three-deep Carolina zone. Bryant picked up 19 of his 58 yards on one carry and committed a fumble that aborted a second-quarter drive.

But defense had a lot to do with the offensive play of The Candidates, too. Pitt's defense is, quite simply, the best in the country. New starters have returned from the unit that last year ranked No. 1 in both total defense and rushing defense. And the Panthers' two new starters, Linebacker Charles (Yogi) Jones (12 tackles) and Cornerback Troy Hill (five tackles, recovery of Bryant's fumble), were among Thursday night's stars.

In the preseason, the North Carolina defense was even more overshadowed by Bryant's publicity than Pitt's was by Marino's. The Tar Heels, who ranked fifth nationally with a per-game yield of just 11.2 points in 1981, have seven starters back, including Linebacker Mike Wilcher, Cornerback Greg Poole and a solid front anchored by Tackle William Fuller. All played superbly against Pitt.

Maybe Coach Dick Crum and Defensive Coordinator Denny Marcum know something nobody else knows. The last time Pitt was held to just seven points was in the second game of the 1979 season at Chapel Hill, when the Tar Heels upset the Panthers 17-7.

Next to the individual excellence of



Bryant, defense was the main reason for North Carolina's high preseason ranking (the Tar Heels were No. 10 in SI's poll, and remain there this week). "That's the best defensive team we've ever played," said Pitt Offensive Guard Ron Sams. "They shut down everything we wanted to do."

Almost everything. Perhaps it was the chorus of *Danny Boy* that the Pitt band played at the end of its halftime show, but Marino looked every bit The Candidate on Pitt's second series of the second half. Trailing 3-0, the Panthers marched 69 yards on seven plays, the last a four-yard scoring pass from Marino to Tailback Bryan Thomas who curled in under Tight End John Brown. Marino completed three other passes for 42 yards on the drive.

But that was about the sum of Marino's heroics. On Pitt's first offensive series, Marino and Flanker Dwight Collins just missed connecting on a 55-yard bomb that Collins caught out of bounds. Thinking he could throw deep, Marino did just that—Poole called it the "get-rich-quick theory"—and three of his

Marino kept giving it the old heave-ho, but hoo boy, those four intercepted passes.



bombs were picked off without a Pitt receiver close. To put Marino's night in perspective, All-America candidate Collins had as many tackles as receptions—two.

Marino, who hadn't been held under 200 yards passing since his sophomore year, didn't try to defend or rationalize his erratic performance against North Carolina. "Most of the time I didn't play intelligently," he said. "First, I would make a mistake, then somebody else would make a mistake, and then somebody else would make a mistake. I'll just have to work a little harder."

Bryant credited Pitt's defense for his poor showing, but he also said he was hurting physically. He had suffered a bruised left foot on Aug. 23 and missed eight practices. Before his first run from scrimmage, he hadn't been hit in about three weeks. Feeling Bryant was lacking in stamina, Crum used sophomore Ethan Horton (14 carries for 39 yards) almost as much as Bryant.

Bryant broke free only once—midway in the second quarter when Hill tripped him up after the 19-yard gain on a sprint draw. Eventually, the Tar Heels drove to the Pitt 16, but they blew two golden opportunities. First, an illegal motion penalty nullified a swing pass to Fullback Alan Burris that would've put the Heels on the three-yard line. Then Bryant, with running room after catching another short pass, simply dropped the ball without being touched, and Hill, who spent part of the summer practicing his coverages against his brother-in-law, Drew Pearson of the Dallas Cowboys, recovered on the 14. "It just slipped off my jersey," said Bryant.

Obviously, Pitt's defense hasn't suffered at all since the arrival of Defensive Coordinator Charlie Bailey from the University of Kentucky last February. Though Bailey is philosophically more conservative than the blitz-happy Fazio, he's as much of a "wild man on the field," according to Hill.

Bailey feels the key to Pitt's defense is



Maas handed Bryant a taste of the No-Maas defense.

the interior three: Dave Puzzech and J.C. Pelusi and junior Bill Maas. Puzzech is 6' 3", 248 and runs a 4.9 40; Pelusi is 6' 1", 251, 4.8; Maas is 6' 4", 260, 4.9. None of their elevators, Maas assures us, goes to the top floor.

Maas's sack of Quarterback Rod Elkins late in the fourth quarter stopped a Carolina drive at the Pitt 31. Rob Rogers did kick a 48-yard field goal that made it 7-6 with 4:57 remaining, but Carolina could get no closer. That was Pitt's No-Maas defense. However, it was also the overaggressive Maas who helped Carolina score its first points (on a 39-yard field goal by Brooks Barwick in the second quarter) when he kept a drive alive with a roughing-the-kicker penalty.

"You know something," said Marino upon seeing Maas in the hall after a team meeting on Friday, "you're my favorite player."

"I know," said Maas.

Even after his subpar performance, Marino fulfilled his role as The Candidate; a full hour after the game, he was still in uniform, patiently answering reporters' questions. Rock star Stephen Stills stopped by to see Marino, whom he had met at a recent Crosby-Stills-Nash gig in Pittsburgh. "He's a nice kid," said Stills. "He wore my jersey on stage," said Marino.

Another imposter seemed to be wearing Marino's jersey against North Carolina, but thanks to Pitt's defense, it didn't matter.

END



Meyered In Not So Kushy Situations

Rookie Coach Ron Meyer of rebuilding New England spoiled the NFL debut of rookie Coach Frank Kush of rebuilding Baltimore, 24-13

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Someday, after Frank Kush has taken the Baltimore Colts to the playoffs a few times, he'll be sitting around with a few writers and someone will bring up his opening day in the NFL, on an uncomfortably hot, humid Sunday in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, and Kush will groan and close his eyes and say, "Don't remind me."

And like a recurring nightmare in which your feet turn to glue and your arms become spaghetti and you stand there powerless while some inexorable



Collins helped keep the ball out of Colt hands by gaining 137 of the Pats' 227 yards rushing.

force gradually overwhelms you, it will all come back to Kushi the way he stood on the sidelines watching his army of Foreign Legionnaires getting picked off one by one, until the only thing left to do was arrange the terms of a merciful surrender.

And he will remember trying to make decisions. Do we lift the guy we activated Tuesday and bring in the guy we activated Wednesday—what was his name again? He'll recall trying to coach players whose identities he wasn't quite sure of,

and he'll take a deep breath and mutter, "No, it won't ever be like that again."

There was nothing humiliating in the Colts' 24-13 loss to the New England Patriots in a game that marked the NFL coaching debuts of both Kushi and the Patriots' Ron Meyer. It was nothing like last year's Super Bowl between these two teams. That was the last game of the season for both clubs, a comedy of errors, and it closed them both out at 2-14, the worst record in the league. The 17,073

fans in Memorial Stadium outnumbered the no-shows by only 19.

There was even a heroic quality about the Colts' performance this time. Ten of their 22 starters were filling that role for the first time in the NFL, and they were still even with the Patriots, at 10-10, at the half. When rookie Quarterback Mike Pagel suffered a concussion, they came in with David Humm, and even this 30-year-old warrior, who has bounced around the NFL in recent years, caught some of the new-era fire. Humm led Baltimore on a long drive in the opening minutes of the third quarter and got his team in front 13-10. Then the law of averages took over.

The Colts' regular halfback, Curtis Dickey, was out of the game with various miseries. Their fullback, Randy McMillan, was on the sidelines getting a breather. Their flanker, Raymond Butler, was battling leg cramps, and their split end, Matt Bouza, a free agent who would lead all the receivers in this game with six catches, would soon retire with the same ailment. Their regular tight end, Reese McCall, hadn't even dressed, and their starting offensive

line, which included three free agents and a rookie, had become a juggling act. A couple of acquisitions from that Monday, Guard Glenn Hyde and Tackle John Sinnott, saw frequent action.

The Patriots blitzed the rather immobile Humm and forced him into an interception that set up the go-ahead touchdown, a 30-yard pass from Matt Cavanaugh to Ken Toler. Back came Pagel on the Colts' next series, and the 39,055 people in the stands, with the exception of

continued



A concussion left Pagel unable to get a grip on himself or this third-quarter snap.

PATRIOTS-COLTS *continued*

Patriot owner Billy Sullivan and his family cheered. This was the new era, the era of Kush and Pagel, the quarterback he'd coached at Arizona State, a fourth-round draft pick who had beaten out Art Schlichter, a first-round selection. It was time for a legend to be born.

"Mike felt his head was O.K.," Kush said. "The doctors asked him four times, and each time he said that he was O.K. We kept him out an extra series anyway, but he said he was feeling good, so we took a chance."

Pagel had taken a blow to the head from cornerback Mike Haynes as he rolled out and dived for a first down on the New England three-yard line in the second quarter. The force of the tackle

had sent his helmet flying. Three plays later he'd sneaked the ball over for a touchdown to put Baltimore at front 10-3, but he didn't recall doing it.

"I remember picking up my helmet after the first-down play," Pagel said. "The chin strap was still buckled, if you can believe that. Then I remember lying across the goal line and hearing our center, Ray Donaldson, yelling, 'You're in! You're in!' I don't remember coming off the field."

"He was out when he scored that touchdown," Haynes said. "He was fuzzy. When he came back in the second half I could tell he was still hurt. I could see the look in his eye."

"I felt pretty good, but I really wasn't picking things up," Pagel said. "On one play I saw a blitz coming, and I was

thinking, here comes . . . a blitz, like I was thinking in slow motion. I couldn't adjust to it."

His two series were a disaster—a fumbled snap, two incompletes, a sack and an interception. He had had it for the day, and so had the Colts. A fumble by Baltimore Running Back Cleveland Franklin in the fourth quarter gave the Patriots the ball on the Colts' 21, six running plays gave New England the clinching touchdown, on a one-yard plunge by rookie Running Back Robert Weathers.

The Patriots' ground game had been greatly feared by Kush and his defensive coordinator, Bud Carson. The New England offensive line is the Pats' strength, a bastion of talent—including four former No. 1 drafts—and size, unbelievable size. Their tackle-to-tackle average of 6'5", 283 pounds gives them one of the biggest, if not the biggest, offensive lines in NFL history. In their winning years of the recent past the Patriots punished people with their ground game, then shocked them with passes to Russ Francis, Darryl Stingley, Stanley Morgan and Harold Jackson. Last Sunday they were at their best running the ball tackle to tackle, getting 227 yards on the ground, including 137 by Tony Collins, last year's second-round pick from East Carolina. But when the Pats tried to get fancy, the Colts' young defense stopped them.

Right now the Patriots are further along the road to recovery than the Colts are. New England spent the last week of the preseason shuffling the deck and searching the waiver wires, as Baltimore did, but while Kush was looking for starters, the Patriots were filling in the lower part of their roster. Twelve of the 17 rookies they drafted this year made the squad. Seven drafted rookies remain from 1981. There are 12 No. 1 picks and nine No. 2s on their squad. There are some disappointments, such as Kenneth Sims, the No. 1 pick in the entire 1982 draft, who played left defensive end against Baltimore and got a lesson from the Colts' right tackle, six-year veteran Jeff Hart. And there are some extremely pleasant surprises, such as free agent Middle Guard Luther Henson, a sawed-off 275-pounder who was cut by Cincinnati last year and cut by the Patriots six days before Sunday's game. New England reclaimed him three days later. He came in during the third quarter, and the result was electric. All of a sudden the Patriots had an inside pass rush.

continued

Cavanaugh went over the top for the first two of New England's three touchdowns.



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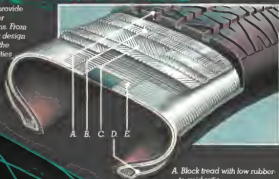
The Comp T/A[®] Radial is a product of race-bred developments and applied technology. Technology responsible for such features as the Comp T/A tire's wide, stable block tread and stiff sidewall, which impart excellent high-speed handling and traction.

It meets the most exacting requirements of high-performance driving. Its unique Syntonic System[™] is a technological breakthrough in the integration of harmonious materials, sidewall to tread balance, and precision computer-optimized design.

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Smooth as silk
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The game, which had been billed as a sort of college bowl between Meyer's SMU program and Kush's Arizona State operation, came down to a battle for survival in the oppressive heat. Kush simply ran out of people.

The two coaches' approaches to the 1982 season had been similar in a lot of ways. Both had imposed college-style discipline. Neither had been bashful about clearing their rosters. Of the 90 players who dressed for the Stupor Bowl, only 44 were in uniform on Sunday—19 for the Colts, 25 for the Patriots. Both coaches had drawn fire from the veterans, Kush for his punishing, full contact practices and his relentless in cleaning house, Meyer for his rah-rah approach, which includes the full repertoire of motivational gadgetry.

Every Monday Meyer's players get a chart, which they're expected to fill in and return by Friday, signed. On the top of the chart are six column headings: GOALS, ROADBLOCKS, SOLUTION, PROGRESS TO DATE, TARGET DATE AND PERSONAL REWARDS. Some of the veterans have taken a light approach to the whole thing. Under PERSONAL REWARDS Cavanaugh once wrote "Doing Skol and Miller Lite commercials." Under GOALS, Right Guard Bob Cryder wrote, "Going into a bar and having the girls pick me up."

"Well, I take it seriously," Meyer says. "I even fill one out myself." His goals for opening day included "Win first NFL game" (he did); "Develop great game plan" (uh, maybe); "Rush for 210 yards" (he beat it by 17); "Pass for 200 yards" (he fell short by 97); "No turnovers" (on the money); "30 yards in penalties" (the Patriots had 87, the Colts just 10, but they were the home team); "Poise, class, control and discipline" (well, on their way into the locker room after the final gun, one of the Patriots yelled, "Strike! Strike!" and another shouted, "We can't, we're on a roll!" Shortly thereafter one of the linebackers asked a writer, "When do we get our rings from the Stupor Bowl?" and the answer was, "As soon as they get them off the cigars," but you'd have to rate this as poise).

More Meyer goals: "Outcoach and outtough Kush" (the jury's out) and, finally, "Weight, 191 pounds." Under ROADBLOCKS he'd written the simple notation "Eating." The logic is irrefutable.

"I weighed 193 this morning," Meyer said. "So I skipped breakfast."

"Some of Meyer's things don't sit too

well with the veterans," one Patriot says. "When we came to camp we felt we had to make the team and beat the rookies out, instead of the other way around. For the most part we've got college coaches putting in a college system. What I want to see is what happens when, after 10 games, these coaches look up and say, 'My god, there are still six games left.'"

The Patriots have a brand-new song, *The Patriots' Game*. The Colts have new game pants, silver with a horseshoe at the hipbone. Their housecleaning didn't stop with the players and pants. They even replaced their maintenance man at the training complex and their team doctor.

Meyer has said he's shooting for a winning record this year. Kush's aims are to show steady improvement, establish some semblance of sanity and get himself some players.

"The unfortunate part is that we're still looking for linemen," he said a day before the game. "We've picked up five since Monday and they all might play. That tells you something."

Sinnott, a Brown graduate, had been cut by the Giants the previous week and had gone home to Massachusetts and begun thinking about the Boston Breakers of the USFL. Then he got a call from the Colts. The Friday before the game he was projected as a starter. A day later he was second string.

"I tried out with two other linemen," he said. "They were going to keep one of us. Andre Hines and Barry something. . . I never caught his last name. We sat there in a room for about half an hour, waiting for one of us to be called. I was the one. It was kind of a nerve-racking thing. It was the fifth NFL camp I'd been through. I came down here so quickly when I got the call that I didn't even have time to pack. My brother had to drive my clothes down from Dedham."

"After a while you see the same faces bouncing around the camps. One veteran, Garry Puetz, came in here—he'd played for four or five teams over the years, who knows how many camps he'd been through. He said his goal in life was to go through all 28 camps."

Kush (left) coaches the only NFL team as bad in 1981 as the one Meyer coaches.



Colts like Dickey couldn't leapfrog injuries.

"In some ways it's like an orphanage," Jeff Hart says. "People leave, people get adopted."

"When I was coaching last year in Hamilton, in Canada," Kush said, "we kept bringing in new players, and someone asked, 'Where'd you find them?' and I said, 'Oh, we picked 'em up off the QEW,' the Queen Elizabeth Way. Here we say, 'We found 'em in the Inner Harbor.' I saw an old guy the other day with a hat on and a suitcase and a beard, and I told someone, 'There's one of Carson's defensive backs. He found him in the Inner Harbor.'"

Someday it'll just be a memory. But not yet.

ENR



It was April in Portland, Ore., raining, of course, and in a quiet little backwater of the city, along the Willamette River, tiny Oaks Amusement Park was still closed for the winter. The bumper cars sat motionless, like hibernating beetles. The Haunted House, shuttered tight and steaming in the rain, seemed ready for the cover of a Stephen King novel. The only activity was inside Oaks Roller Rink, where the 1982 Pacific Coast Speed Invitational was under way. A television reporter was laboring through an interview with a lean young put-on artist from the Tacoma Speed Club. The

The reporter told him, "When we got the assignment we thought it was ice skating." The champion was ready for the line, as always. He said, "Do you know that there are more than twelve thousand registered, competitive speed roller skaters in the United States?"

The reporter, flustered, replied, "They told me to ask about your age."

"I quit counting."

"Really. . . ."

"Age just isn't part of my life," Tom

Peterson whirled to victory in the '81 worlds in Belgium (below) and shows off his hoard of medals (right) outside of the family rink.

He's Heaven On Wheels

skaters knew him; he was the world champion, perhaps the finest speed skater of all time. A few of the younger females were even heard to call him "cute," but it wasn't as if Steve Garvey, say, or Sugar Ray Leonard had wandered in. If the champion's reception seemed not quite charged enough, and if the surroundings seemed unsuited to his status and skills—an amusement park off-season, a rink in an age of skating centers—well, that only revealed an ignorance of his sport. The world champion was a citizen of the U.S., after all, and a competitive speed roller skater, and there are few worse formulas for glamour and fame.





It's not roller disco. It's not Roller Derby. It's speed roller skating, and last year Tacoma's Tom Peterson was the world champion **by DAN LEVIN**

Peterson said. "I'm twenty, maybe."

The interview over, the world champion told a friend, "A few years ago I started having aches and pains, so I decided to quit having birthdays. I told my mother, 'I don't want to know when I was born anymore.' Sometimes now I'll decide that young guys have a psychological advantage, so then I say I'm eighteen. At other times I'm thirty-nine, and I say, 'Look what skating has done for me!' It's part of my tactics."

How old is the finest speed roller skater of all time? For that matter, who is he? The now-defunct *Skating Life* magazine has called him Tom Terrific, and Terrific

at least once registered at a competition under the name Thomas Awesome. "You can't just say 'awesome,'" he says, "you have to say 'awesome.'" The skating world knows him as Tom Peterson, but on this day in Portland he grinned slyly and told an admirer, "My real name isn't Peterson, you know."

She asked him, "What's your father's last name?"

"I forget," he said.

Suddenly he gazed mournfully at the ceiling and raised his palms in supplication, in what might have been the start of some pre-race ritual. It wasn't. He cried out, for the third time that morning, "I

need a woman!" And then he was gone.

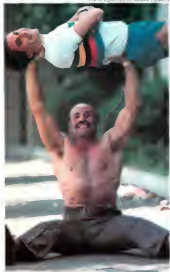
Call that the Put-On Out Of The Blue, just another in Tom Peterson's arsenal of tactics, which also include his Creative Chronology and The Intentional Lapse of Memory. These may not directly contribute to the winning of races, but they are nothing if not spontaneous, can be entertaining, and just might help Peterson's sport—roller skating has never been an Olympic event—get some attention.

Peterson himself is fairly well known in selected parts of the world. He is bright-eyed, brave, kind and courteous, to say nothing of zany. Especially zany. And certainly his sport requires as high a level of fitness and skill as, say, ice speed skater Eric Heiden's, though it does have a less affecting history.

continued

The roller skate as we know it wasn't invented until 1860, by a New Yorker named James L. Plimpton, who thus unwittingly made possible such blots on our culture as roller disco and Roller Derby. More than 20 countries compete internationally in speed roller skating, and world championships have been held since 1937, though the U.S. didn't compete in them until 1966. Peterson's debut in the

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN LAMBER



Guamaccia: a staunch supporter of Tom.

worlds came in Italy in 1979, when he was 18, 19, 20 and 35 years old.

International competition is held on roads and 200-meter outdoor tracks with long straightaways. When Peterson came along, U.S. speed skating was mainly confined to some 2,500 rinks with small tracks full of circling adolescents in rented skates. So in May of 1979, with his first world championships only four months away, Peterson and seven U.S. male teammates flew to Italy for three weeks of international-style track competition.

The small U.S. tracks are mostly turns, so on the turns of the large ones in Italy,

the Americans held their own. On the straightaways, they were pathetic. The Italians laughed at them. Peterson fell eight times, acquiring 59 road burns, which he totaled as if they were medals; his feet were burning, too, inside newly fitted skates. The Americans had brought their indoor skates to Italy, and they proved to be worthless on the big outdoor tracks. It's a mark of how quickly and how far Peterson has come that only three years ago the current two-time world champion didn't even know what kind of wheels to use in international track competition.

Peterson returned from Italy with six pairs of outdoor skates, and he hit the roads. That July, in Puerto Rico, in the first speed-skating competition ever held in the Pan-Am Games, he entered five events and won four gold medals. Back in Italy for the worlds in September, he fell seven times but won a silver and two bronzes. In 1980, with thousands of road miles in his legs, he was in his second worlds, in New Zealand. The *Warrapa Times* wrote: "This phenomenal skater ... came to these championships as something of an unknown quantity ... but [his] ability to unleash a devastating final couple of laps, no matter what the distance ... was breathtaking stuff."

The four-man U.S. team won eight medals, and Peterson won six—a bronze, two silvers and three golds, for his victories in the 5,000-, 10,000- and 20,000-meter track races. Peterson's next international competition was more than six months away, so what did the new world champion say when the partying began? He said goodbye. He said, "I wouldn't want tomorrow's champions to think partying was the thing to do." He didn't wink.

In July 1981, World Games I were held in Santa Clara, Calif., the purpose being "... to provide an international stage for sports such as trampolining, fin swimming, and bodybuilding." It's debatable whether speed skating was helped by being lumped with them, but numerous skating countries were represented. The first three of four "road" races were held on an asphalt parking lot, around a 400-meter oval line of white paint—speed skating, U.S. style. When he wasn't snarling at questions about Roller Derby, Peterson was winning three golds, one in the marathon, run—or rolled—on nearby streets.

The skaters coursing those quiet streets didn't gleam with chrome and lacquer, like their more familiar cycling counterparts; they pumped their arms and undulated like a Chinese parade dragon. In a sprint, they called to mind a school of minnows; suddenly, the skaters all would burst ahead, as if they shared a common brain. At 21 miles, a Belgian had got himself 200 yards in the lead, but he was fading. The pack seemed to sense an opportunity, and quickly the Belgian was deep in its belly. Peterson was near the head, moving at a pace of three minutes and 20 seconds per mile. Into the stretch he was second. At the finish he was six to eight feet in the lead. His time was one hour and 26 minutes for the 26 miles, 385 yards.

"I didn't have to sprint all out," he was saying, only slightly winded. "I almost coasted the last hundred feet." Nance Herman, associate editor of *Skate* magazine, asked Peterson, "How do you feel about people who say, 'Before the Pan-Ams, Tom was a nice guy, but boy has he gotten a big head?'"

"That's O.K.," he said. "I don't live for those people. I don't think I'm too bad a guy. I do have a lot of confidence, but it's because I've spent a lot of hours watching the sweat drop to the ground."

A television reporter, this one from West Germany, came by. "Excuse me, Tom," he said, "I need to know your age and your profession."

"I'm ... a student ... and I'm nineteen."

Herman said, "Why do you get younger every time you're asked that question?"

"I discontinued having birthdays when I was young. I said to God one day—"

"God, can I always stay eighteen?" Herman interjected.

"—and God justified my fibbing about my age. But only about that."

The TV reporter edged away.

Peterson later extended himself so far as to say that he was a part-time business student at Golden West College in Huntington Beach, Calif., and that he hoped to operate a skating rink someday, but he didn't say when it was that he had spoken to God. It could have been risky. As he had told Herman, "I played around with skating when I was a baby, in nineteen—oh, wait a second, I can't give that date, can I?" Peterson never combines how

continued

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old he was with the concept of when. But he is generous with his whisks and wheres, thereby creating a powerful case for predestination. He claims to have been conceived before a skating meet, in Portland's Blue Spruce Motel. His mother, RoLores (her parents are Roger and DoLores), was a skating instructor. RoLores quit teaching on a Saturday, and Tom was born the following Thursday. His custom-printed birth announcement depicted a baby boy wearing roller skates; at nine months, before he could stand, he had been fitted with a tiny pair of skates and was crawling around the floor of grandfather Roger's business establishment, the rink in Tacoma. At three he was entered in the Northwest Regional Championships, seven-and-under division, one lap around the track. He was training one day a week in those days, for 45 minutes. At seven he was the Northwest champion.

A year later his parents were divorced, and his mother remarried. Tom took his stepfather's name (his father's name is Ames). His mother founded the Tacoma Speed Club soon after that, and her son began training seven days a week. So did his sister, Lin, now 22, and at the 1977, '78 and '79 indoor nationals she and her older or younger brother won the 3,000-meter mixed-relay race. Lin had been put into skates at the ripe old Peterson age of

two. Her finest solo performance came at the 1979 worlds: a silver medal in the one-on-one 500-meter road race.

In June of 1980, while training for the New Zealand worlds, Peterson was in Portland, competing at the Northwest regionals and hoping to qualify for the indoor nationals later that summer in Lincoln, Neb. He was feeling lonely. As he recalls, "I'd just spent two months looking for a girl friend, and I couldn't find one. It wasn't that I didn't know any girls. I was just never excited about one. I'd never met one who wanted to know what I was about. So for two months I drove around Tacoma looking. It cost me five dollars a night for gas, and by the time I got to the regionals I'd given up. I decided there was no girl in the world for me, that I'd just have to forget about it and spend the rest of my life training. So there I was in Portland, playing Frisbee with a friend in the motel parking lot, when a big motor home went by. I looked at the back window and there was a girl looking out. I said to my friend, 'That was the girl for me. That was her.'

"He thought it was very funny. Then the motor home turned around, came back and parked. The girl got out and she went into the room right next to ours, so I accidentally hit her door with the Frisbee, and we met. Later, when she went to the soda pop room, I followed her there and locked her in. I said she wouldn't get out until she promised me a date. So we had dinner the next night, and the next day she came to my meet."

The girl's name was Donna LaBriola, and what Peterson had seen through the window of the motor home was a face both pretty and compelling, with flashing brown eyes, a wide, ready smile and a strong chin. She also turned out to be a three-time national champion in freestyle artistic roller skating who had recently retired to coach the sport and was in Portland to judge a competition. After Portland, she went home to the L.A. suburb of Fountain Valley, where she works at the Fountain



Tom with RoLores, Lin and his spoils.

Valley Skating Center, owned by her father, Bob, a five-time national champion in dance skating.

Peterson, having qualified for the indoor nationals, went back to Tacoma and resumed training. He wrote to LaBriola every day, phoned more times than he could afford to, and they met again at the nationals in Lincoln. "I got her up to seven dates," he says. Six months later, in January of 1981, he moved to a tiny borrowed motor home in Anaheim, where in no time skates and skate wheels lay strewn about, ready to tumble the unwary, and bicycle tires dangled nose-like here and there. (Peterson had begun bike racing three times a week to supplement his training.) The place needed a woman's touch, but as Peterson always tells friends, "Donna and I don't live together, or anything like that. It wouldn't be right. It's just not the way I was brought up."

They do seem inseparable, though. At World Games I LaBriola said, "The first time I saw Tom skate I thought he had rockets in his legs." A week later, when Peterson left for Belgium and his third world championships, he assigned her the task of finding him a real apartment while he was gone. It should have been a castle; in Belgium he added four gold

continued



Off to the races. Peterson gets his wheels aligned.

medals to his little Fort Knox, and it could easily have been six: twice, when he could have won, he let U.S. teammates do so instead. Then he returned to California, and a new two-room pad that all but broke him in three months. A part-time job as a bicycle mechanic barely paid the rent. He moaned, "What's a guy like me supposed to do? Companies are dying to put my name on their equipment, but I'm not supposed to make one cent from my sport. I'm a two-time world champion and I may have to go home and live with my mother."

But Bob Olson, a member of his cycling group, saved the day. Olson lived alone in a four-bedroom Los Alamitos split level, and last December Peterson moved in. The rent is low, a cliché of a California redwood whirlpool/hot tub percolates on the patio and the living room is a thicket of barbells and weight benches. But the real muscle bombing takes place under the hard eye of another cycling buddy, a 67-year-old paragon of fitness named Phil Guarnaccia, who owns Brea's PG Industrial Electric. For 17½ years Guarnaccia has had a standing offer of \$5,000 to anyone who can match his calisthenics and weight-training routines. To date, more than 171 consecutive failures have been recorded, most of them by disbelieving cyclists, college football players and track athletes. Peterson, by no means devoted to iron pills, lasted 20 minutes, one of the better performances, and Guarnaccia says of him, "I find Tom to be a very refreshing guy, and I hate young people—I go out of my way to thrash them, in bike racing and weightlifting. The reason I don't like them is that they're wasting their lives away. Look at our national cycling champions. These young folks are training for an Olympic event, just to go over and compete. They're not up to world standards, and you're nothing until you're a world-beater. But Tom Peterson is an exception to the rule."

Which brings us back

to Oaks Amusement Park, where Peterson won two individual events and was a member of five winning relay teams. He clinched his second Pacific Coast seniors title early in the competition. When the final of the four-man 4,000-meter relay race was about to begin, he was saying, "I can go out there, make it a crowd-pleaser and have everyone screaming. Or I can go out and make it boring. What should I do?"

"What do you think?" came the reply.

"O.K.," he said, "I'll be at the front, lapping dudes."

There were eight four-man teams, and each man would skate five 100-meter laps, to return later for five more. Peterson was anchor man, and when he entered the race his club was last. When his first five laps were over, it was fifth. He came back to find Tacoma second, and there it stayed until the next-to-last turn of his last lap. He was holding back. The leader knew Peterson was behind him and acted accordingly, like a mouse one jump ahead of a cat. He stumbled all over the track, and approaching a turn, by this time frantic, he picked up speed. Peterson edged along his inside leg, and seemed about to commit a foul, which would have disqualified Tacoma, but he backed off suddenly. Nearly into the turn, he set himself for it. The leader was now totally confused. He went out of

control, took the turn wide, Peterson rushed by on the inside, and in little Oaks Roller Rink the rafters were ringing.

That evening, back at his motel, Peterson stood in the bathroom, seemingly talking to someone. But when asked, "Who's in there with you?" he replied, "I was just saying goodbye to my vitamins and thanking them."

The next day, in California, he was calling out, "I need a woman. . . . [His voice rose and fell, from sentence to sentence] Yes . . . [It fell] . . . Sometimes I think I need a woman. . . . [He seemed to be forgetting about LaBriola, but they don't live together, or anything like that] . . . and then I'll turn on the radio and hear some guy singing . . . [and he sang, his voice rising again] 'Leave her alone, she'll break your heart.' Suddenly, shifting moods 180 degrees, he started throwing punches into the air and shouting, 'Sugar Ray, I'll fight you for a million dollars, one round. . . . I need the money.' His eyes were rolling, the words rat-a-tatting from his mouth. 'Or maybe I'll go to the Roller Derby people and say, 'I'm going to put you in the headlines again.' I'll show them what a real athlete is.'"

Unfortunately, what this real athlete did in late June was to cavort on trick water skis, doing helicopters at about 11 mph, jumping and spinning around. On

his last spin he hit the water in a split, tearing the medial collateral ligaments in his right knee. His surgeon told him that he would compete again, but not for six or eight months, and in August his Tacoma Speed Club was less than awesome at the nationals in Fort Worth. And sans Peterson, the U.S. probably will be a whole lot less than awesome at the worlds, in Italy again, at the end of this month. But, "I've got a whole year to get ready for next year's worlds," says Peterson, "and the world is going to be in trouble. I'm going to be unbelievable." Or unbelievable.

He already is. Both of those things



Very clearly, Donna LaBriola and Peterson aren't at all cast down.

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Collect call for Knute Rockne, from a Mr. Warner. . . . Go ahead, sir.

Hiya Rock, thanks for accepting the call. It's me, Glenn Warner. . . . Pop, you send goat, Pop Warner. Been dead since 1954. . . . What? Well, I'd rather have a kiddie league named after me than get played real somber by Pat O'Brien.

But listen, the reason I called is to tell you that there's this fellow at a college in Ohio who's got his boys running the single wing. . . . Of course I'm sure, Denison University, 2,200 students, nice wooded place up on a hill in a little town

called Granville, 30 miles east of Columbus. If you ever look down, you'll see for yourself. Fullback spinners, buck laterals, unbalanced line, the whole bit. Coach's name is Keith Piper. He's only 60, but he knows stuff from way back—knows, for instance, that I invented the formation around aught-six. He's even got a copy of that book I wrote in 1912 when I was coach at the Carlisle Indian School. Remember that one, Rock? About helmets I said, "I do not encourage their use."

What? . . . Lord, no, they don't play Notre Dame. They're only NCAA Divi-

sion III. No scholarships, opponents like Wooster and Otterbein. . . . No, they don't run your sissy damn shift. . . . Do tell? Give me 11 loats and a piece of chalk and I'll stop your shift and your box in 10 minutes. And what'll you do about my Z, or the shoestring sleeper? . . . Four Horsemen, my Aunt Tallie. . . .

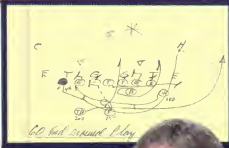
Calm down! I am not yelling. . . . I don't want in fight, Rock. I just wanted to tell you about this fellow Piper. I thought, as single-wing immortals maybe we could do something for him. See, just a couple days ago this old hackberry tree fell on his house and

Keith Piper, who has a record of 139-100-13 after 27 seasons of coaching the Denison Big Red, stands in his front yard on a summer afternoon and stares at his damaged roof. Beside him is the stump of a hackberry tree, 18 feet in circumference, sawed off and flat enough now to serve a picnic lunch on. Piper loved that tree. It was almost as old as his brick house, which was built around 1810, and like other aged things the tree always appeared to be a symbol of pluck and order to him. It was blown down in a

A Very Singular Way To Play

The single wing may be virtually extinct, but thanks to Keith Piper it's still alive—and running and passing—at Denison
by RICK TELANDER





thunderstorm. It could have squashed Piper, his wife, Mike, and youngest son, Billy, 21, sending them all to single-wing heaven, but the sturdy house shrugged off the blow. Just goes to show, says Piper, that they built things right in the old days.

Including football formations. "The thing that a lot of people don't understand about the single wing is that it was never caught up with or overrun," says Piper, sitting now in his office at the Denison field house. "It works. But football is like men's fashions. Coaches don't run the single wing because they don't want to be out of style."



Indeed, the last major college to use the single wing was Princeton, which gave it up in 1969. But until the late '40s almost every high school, college and pro team used it. By the '70s, for reasons Piper feels are frivolous at best, the single wing had become as obsolete as the flying wedge and the six-man line. The only college other than Denison that now runs the single wing is Colorado College, another Division III school, and it employs the formation only occasionally.

Except for three seasons in the early '60s when he used the single wing, Piper ran the T formation at Denison from 1954, the year he became coach, through 1977. It took him that long, he says, to realize the advantages of a forgotten system in a follow-the-leader world. "When you're at a school like this, where you don't have great talent, the single wing is ideal," he says. "It's good for utilizing slower, smaller players, and because opponents only see it once a year, you take them by surprise."

Piper indicates a framed photo on the wall of his chum Woody Hayes, who was the Denison coach from 1946 through

continued

In a variation on the fullback-spinner series, the fullback turns and hands off to the tailback. The fullback then completes his spins and blocks. Note how many linemen pull.



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In what Denison calls the motion series the tailback (30) receives the snap and fakes first to the wingback (21)—who's in motion when the ball is centered—and then to the fullback (31). The tailback then has the option of passing or running with the ball.

SINGLE WING *continued*

'48. "He thinks I'm a little crazy to run the single wing," says Piper, "but I guess if you'd been at Ohio State with all those bulls, you could afford to forget about the formation. Sometimes I think about what you could do with the single wing and talent. I talked recently to Forrest Gregg, the Bengals' coach, and he said that Kenny Anderson could've been a great single-wing tailback. With Pete Johnson at fullback and Archie Griffin at wingback—I mean, think of it."

To do that one has to understand a little about the formation itself. Essentially, the single wing differs from the T and its variations in that the single wing has no back directly under the center. In a typical single-wing alignment the tailback lines up about five yards behind the center, with the fullback at his side. The quarterback lines up a yard behind a tackle on the strong side, and these three backs crouch with their hands on their knees. The remaining back, the lone wingback, who gives the formation its name, positions himself in a three-point stance just off the tight end's outside foot. In the unbalanced-line version of the formation, which Denison uses and most of its single-wing predecessors employed, the center is flanked on one side by a guard and an end and on the other by two tackles, a guard and the tight end.

In some single wings the center could snap the ball to the tailback, fullback, quarterback or wingback in motion; Denison doesn't use any direct hikes to the quarterback or wingback. Usually, the center in any single wing snaps to the tailback, who runs with, hands off, passes or punts it. Most of the great players one hears about from the old days—Jim Thorpe, George Gipp, Tom Harmon, Donk Walker, et al., the legendary "triple threats"—were tailbacks.

When the fullback gets the ball, he often takes a step forward and then spins 180 degrees, like a man who has just remembered that he left his car keys on the kitchen table. With his back to the line he then either hands off to another back, runs a bootleg or completes his spin and dives forward. Though comic in appearance, fullback spinner plays are as essential to the single wing as halfback dives are to the T.

The quarterback in the single wing wears big pads, seldom touches the ball and spends most of his time leading other backs into the fray. After a beer or two Piper will refer to the quarterback as "the

continued

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retarded guard." In truth, a single-wing quarterback must be more selfless than dumb. He calls all the plays so that the star of the show, the tailback, won't feel guilty about dominating the offense. In a 9-0 victory over Ohio Wesleyan in 1979, Denison Quarterback John Parsons put on a remarkable display of self-effacement and/or masochism when he called Little All-America Tailback Clay Sampson's number an Ohio Athletic Conference-record 54 times.

At some point, though, all the backs in the single wing will spin, reverse, hand off, block, fake, run, pass and receive. This versatility and the deceptiveness that arises out of it—combined with the devastating double-team and trap blocking set up by the unbalanced line—give the single wing its punch. To defenders, facing a single-wing play often feels like an encounter with a gigantic, rampaging eggbeater. "I think any offensive lineman has to love it," says Dave Haverstack, a 1982 graduate of Denison and a three-year starter at strongside guard. "In the T you're supposed to be disciplined and just protect your area, but in the single wing you get a chance to be more reckless, to turn upfield and clean house. Defensive players aren't used to getting trapped from any direction. They become hesitant. They try to figure out what's going on in the backfield, and then they're easier to block straight on."

Some coaches believe the single wing can be stopped simply by having defenders read keys. Piper loves it when opponents operate that way. "We've got fakes

off of fakes off of fakes," he says. "We throw in misdirection plays just to make liars out of coaches. Once we got two linebackers who were reading their keys to collide head on."

Piper chuckles when he says this. A beefy former All-Ohio single-wing center at Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio, he's clearly as enthralled with the eccentricity of using the single wing in this era as with the formation's effectiveness. In the seven seasons Piper's teams have run the single wing, Denison has been 39-21-4. On Saturday the Big Red tied Hampden-Sydney 0-0 in their 1982 season opener. Piper can coach other formations, too. In 1957 the Big Red went 8-1 and led the nation's small colleges in total offense while running out of the T.

But Piper was unmoved by coaching the T formation. "Part of it is my age," he says. "I remember all the great single-wing teams and names, and I had a good time playing it myself. I remember watching Massillon [Ohio] High play the single wing in 1932. Paul Brown was the coach. They'd run a play and there'd be nobody left standing on the field. The system just turns me on."

So why doesn't it turn other people on? Critics point to the single wing's drawbacks: It has no quick-hitting plays; it isn't a great passing formation; it's too dependent on the accurate snapping of a center who's vulnerable to a tough defensive charge because he must look back through his legs as he initiates play; it isn't a good two-minute or come-from-behind offense. Moreover, it's the victim of its own catch-22 syndrome: Because the formation isn't used at the highest

levels, it's rarely used at the lower levels, which makes potential single-wing specialists, notably tailbacks and centers, almost impossible to find and assess. Even when a coach discovers players with aptitude for the single wing, imparting the nuances of the formation to them is a formidable task. "Just teaching a single-wing center how to snap the ball can take forever," says Piper.

When the George Halas-coached Bears won the NFL championship 37-9 over the Giants in 1941 playing the T, the single wing was doomed. "Most coaches copy someone who's successful," says Bear General Manager Jim Finks. "And the fact is, you can do almost anything in football and be successful if you do it right. Single wing, T, whatever—it boils down to execution."

Finks should know. As a member of the Pittsburgh Steelers he was the last NFL tailback to take a snap in the single wing. "It was the final game of the 1951 season, at Washington, and we'd already hung on to the single wing longer than anybody else," he says. "I was primarily a defensive back, but because our first two tailbacks were hurt, I played both ways the second half. We won the game, but a few days later our coach, John Michelosen, was fired. The next season our new coach, Joe Bach, put in the T. I don't think any of us players were sad to see the single wing go. We recognized that it was a thing of the past. But honestly, I'm not convinced that it couldn't be successful in the pros right now."

Finks points out that the formation would force NFL defenses, now geared primarily to stop the pass, to change per-

continued

Tailback Mark Frymer (30) and the Big Red went nowhere against Hampden-Sydney.



sonnel. "You sure as hell couldn't stop a bona fide single-wing running game with three or four down linemen, linebackers weighing 215 pounds and cornerbacks weighing 180," he says. "You'd need a minimum of five or six men on the line of scrimmage to take on the double teams, and in the secondary you'd need bigger, stronger men who could tackle."

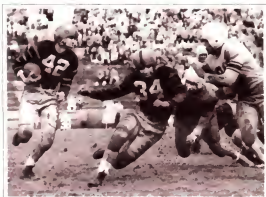
Dallas Cowboys Coach Tom Landry recalls that during his playing days for the New York Giants, he and all his teammates dreaded facing the Steelers' single wing. "Before we went to Pittsburgh we'd put on every pad we could

ently, and the only injuries I got in college were a sprained ankle and a broken nose. Everybody was much closer in size and skill when I played. Now, though, you have players who seem to have been bred to play just one position, who develop muscles just for that use. I don't know how a tailback could survive today."

Still, the effects of the single wing linger. The pro-spread and shotgun formations are descended from the formation. When the Kansas City Chiefs wing their biggest receiver off the tight end and run the power off-tackle play, they're stealing from the single-wing playbook. Landry

from most of these people. One of them, Edward Raczey, a 52-year-old contractor in Atherton, Calif. and perhaps Piper's most prolific pen pal, has built an addition onto his house to hold his single-wing memorabilia. "What can I say?" says Raczey. "I think I would have been happier in the flapper era."

On fall Saturdays, single-wing devotees and the merely curious come from miles around to watch Piper's strange little football team. They sit on the hill above Denison's stadium, look out over the green, chalked gridiron and drink a few rounds from the past. Piper is thankful for the attention, but he's working on something more substantial than attracting nostalgia fans. "I'm not that good with words," he says, "but I'm writing down everything I can think of that has to do with the single wing, and it's going to be made into a book. I feel a responsibility." His jaw set, the big old coach shrugs. "I mean, if I croaked tomorrow, who's going to tell people how it was?"



One of the last great single-wing tailbacks, Kazmaier won the Heisman Trophy in 1951.

find to keep from getting beat up," he says. But, adds Landry, the pounding went both ways. "Gosh, those tailbacks took a beating," he says. "They never lasted very long."

Indeed, it's probably the vulnerability of the single-wing tailback, a rare bird who must be as good at passing as running, that has been most responsible for the demise of the formation. Dick Kazmaier was a Heisman Trophy-winning tailback for Princeton in 1951, and he says he knew upon graduation that he had become an anachronism. "I was 5' 11" and between 170 and 175 pounds, and off the field I looked pretty much like everybody else," he says. "Players didn't wear face masks then, they tackled differ-

has even considered snapping the ball directly to Tony Dorsett, which would make Dorsett the equivalent of a single-wing fullback, but feels the timing of the exchange would make it too risky. "About the only thing the single wing would be good for in the pros is occasional short-yardage plays," says Landry.

Those few fanatics who still care deeply about the single wing and think it's good for more than just a few plays, all seem to have found one another, communicating through a sort of brotherhood of the formation. They have book exchanges, debates and an occasional film fest, at which aficionados gather to drink beer and watch single-wing footage until no one is left awake. Piper has heard

Hey Rock, listen to this, from the Saturday Evening Post of Oct. 24, 1931: "Pop never was more spectacular. He opened the ball game with spins, double and triple passes until he had the lay spectators dizzy; not one in a thousand could follow the ball." Strong stuff, huh? The truth isn't bragging. Rock ... All right, no fighting.

So what do you want to do for Piper? What if you and me and Staggs and some of the other boys used our influence and made the fellow's book a best seller? ... Well, yeah, maybe it would go to his head, and he'd turn to the veer or the L. What if we made Denison Division III national champs? ... Ham, I don't know I think he'd survive. ... Well, what do you suggest?

Have the trees in the forest grow even taller to make up for the huckberry? Say, that's not such a bad idea. Really it's subtle and it won't upset anybody. I'm sorry for arguing with you earlier, Rock. No matter what people say, you've got a good heart. If you ever need anything, just let me know. ... You bet. Say hi to the Copper. So long, buddy.

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by Franz Lidz

Lou Piniella, the Yankees' hardy perennial of a batter, is constantly perfecting his craft, even when he's not in the batting cage. He can scarcely walk past a mirror without assuming his stance and surveying his reflection with a critical eye—and a little admiration.

When the Yankees need a man to beat a left-handed pitcher, they call on Piniella. He's like a character actor: a handsome, dark-eyed equivalent to Peter Lorre or Sydney Greenstreet, who swings from the right side. Nobody does his shick better, but Sweet Lou will never be the straw that stirs the drink.

Piniella is an extremely cordial and unaffected guy who wears his 39 years easily. That he has survived nine years with the Yankees should qualify him for a gold watch. Not only has he been able to ride out the team's frequent clubhouse storms, but as a hitter he's also smart and skillful enough to have discovered that a righthanded "place" hitter can flourish in cavernous Yankee Stadium. In fact, Piniella adapted his style to the ball park.

Since his arrival from Kansas City in 1974, Piniella has batted .296 with the Yankees, and except for the 1975 season, when an inner-ear infection nearly ended his career, he has never hit less than .277 with New York. Through last week, he was batting .318 this season as a righty DH and occasional rightfielder and

Mirror, mirror on the wall...

... who's the fairest of them all?
Among Yankee hitters, Lou Piniella

.381 with runners in scoring position.

Piniella plays with an intense drive, all the while wearing the slightly deceptive smile of a three-card monte player on 42nd Street. He's a longtime favorite of Yankee fans, whose chants of "Loouuuu, Loouuuu" when Piniella comes to the plate make Yankee Stadium sound like milking time at a dairy.

Before taking his swings, Piniella pulls on his shirt sleeves, rocks back and forth and, at the last moment, pounds his helmet with the heel of his hand as if to give himself balance. He has a slightly closed stance, with his butt sticking out and left elbow aimed at the pitcher. The stance bears the imprimatur of no less an authority than Charley Lau, the patron saint of the lateral weight shift.

Piniella has been spreading some hitting gospel of his own lately. On Aug. 24,

owner George Steinbrenner moved Joe Pepitone, who had become the Yankee batting coach only 11 weeks before, to the front office and named Piniella the unofficial hitting instructor.

As a youth in Tampa, Piniella, whose father was born in Spain, sharpened his eye by hitting bottle caps with a broomstick. Perhaps he should've used a bat and ball, because early in his professional career Piniella was an outfielder of modest credentials. He played seven years in the minors with six different major league organizations. He was bought, sold, optioned and traded more times than a tanker full of spot-market oil.

He got his first major league at bat, with the Orioles, late in the 1964 season. He pinch-hit for Robin Roberts and grounded out. "Hell, kid," Roberts said, "even I could've done better than that." Four years later he made his second big league plate appearance, as a pinch hitter for Cleveland, but made another out. He was still officially a rookie in 1969 when he had a .282 average in a full season with the expansion Royals and was named Rookie of the Year.

Piniella's success is the result of hard work. His baseball career is practically a hymn to the work ethic. He once had a reputation for being a mediocre felder, but he's pretty good now, having worked almost as long and hard at that aspect of the game as he has at his beloved hitting. On the bases the only thing he lacks is speed, but he makes up for that with baseball smarts.

Another thing that Piniella has improved is his disposition. He spent his early days smashing water coolers. The cooler from the home-team dugout of old Municipal Stadium in Kansas City is enshrined in the garage of his Tampa home. "I paid for it," he says, "so I might as well keep it." In disgust, he once kicked a minor league outfield fence so hard that it fell on him. "I'm more controlled now," he says. "More mature. Maybe I'm a little more confident in myself."

Which isn't to say the Piniella of old doesn't surface now and then. Two seasons ago in a game against Oakland, Piniella hit what he thought was a double.

continued

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BASEBALL continued

The official scorer ruled it an error. Piniella ranted right through the end of the inning. He remains, in fact, one of the most animated arguers in the game, though it takes more to set him off.

Piniella's more placid alter ego among the Yankees is 36-year-old Bobby Murcer. They go to the track together, pinch-hit for each other and check out each other's batting form. "If Lou was 30 for 30," says Murcer, "he'd still ask me, 'What about my swing? Tell me what I'm doing wrong.'"

When Piniella the coach evaluates Piniella the DH he says, "There's not much you can teach an old guy like me, except to try to be more patient and a little more selective. I try not to get into a pull syndrome and use more of the field. I'm a line-drive hitter, so I don't want to overstep my boundaries." Piniella's prize pupil so far has been Shortstop Roy Smalley. At his urging, Smalley is depending less on his arms and upper body and more on his legs and lower body.

"On the days that I play," Piniella says, "I don't like to stand on my 39-year-old legs all afternoon watching somebody else hit, because it tires me out. And to me, legs are of paramount importance in hitting a baseball."

Piniella and Steinbrenner share a hometown, Tampa, and a predictable unpredictability. When Piniella became eligible for free agency last winter, Steinbrenner offered him a one-year contract. Piniella demanded two years. Steinbrenner countered with three. Why? "Don't ask me," Piniella says. "I told my agent, 'Just type it up and I'll sign it.'"

Steinbrenner's admiration for Piniella's durability and aggressiveness has led to speculation that Piniella may someday—maybe even soon—be asked to manage the Yankees. Though the job offers little security—New York has had three skipper this year, as well as five pitching coaches—Piniella says, "If I ever got the opportunity, I think it would be a challenge I wouldn't mind tackling." Meanwhile, Piniella is looking forward to what he calls the "real world."

He says, "I feel like I'm capable of going out into the business world and producing using the same principles that I've used in baseball—hard work, determination, proper preparation."

Preparation for Piniella includes business interests in a corrugated-container company and in thoroughbred racing—he and Steinbrenner own a 2-year-old fil-

ly, Proudly Dancing, who, like the fourth-place Yankees, has waltzed with her head down this year. But what Piniella really wants to do now is tackle Wall Street. That's one of two sites—Woodbridge, N.J. is the other—where he and a partner will open restaurants this winter. They already have two successful restaurants, steak-and-ale joints named the Long Branch Saloon, in the Kansas City area.

But when February arrives again Piniella will concentrate on baseball, and concentration, he believes, is what separates the good hitters from the bad. "There's a time and a place to have fun in baseball, but it's not when I'm at the plate," he says.

Several years ago, just before the opening game in Milwaukee, Piniella remained at home plate, fine-tuning his stance while the ground crew dismantled the batting cage and began to lime the batter's box. Piniella just stood there, cocking and recocking his bat, completely self-absorbed. The groundskeepers formed a sort of semicircle around him and waited, and waited, and waited.

THE WEEK

(Sept. 6-12)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST As barn burners go, this one was a blazer. After seven innings of a battle for first place in Atlanta, the Dodgers had 17 hits, four of them homers, but didn't have the lead. The Braves (4-3), who had three round-toppers, got three innings of one-hit pitching from Gene Garber down the stretch and won 12-11. Atlanta did it with three singles in the 10th—by Claudio Washington (his fifth hr. of the game), Rafael Ramirez and Dale Murphy. Three more homers, one a grand slam by Bruce Benedict, carried Atlanta past L.A. 10-3 the next day. The loser was Fernando Valenzuela, who during his two seasons in the bigs has been shelled for 21 earned runs in 25½ innings in Atlanta. For the week, the Dodgers (5-2) batted .315, with Dusty Baker hitting .484 and driving across eight runs and Steve Garvey getting 14 ribbies.

San Francisco (5-1) humped San Diego out of third. Along the way, the Giants beat the Braves for the sixth and seventh times in a row, Greg Minton locking up 8-2 and 3-2 decisions with his 25th and 26th saves. Minton picked up No. 27 in relief of Rene Martin in a 5-1 win over Houston. Al Holland's four hit-

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less innings of relief sealed an 8-3 victory in San Diego. That left the San Francisco bullpen with an 0.76 ERA for 35½ innings of work during the last 11 games, nine of them wins. Furthermore, a longtime reliever, Fred Beiring, went the route for his second straight triumph since being put in the rotation, this time beating the Padres 5-1. A four-hitter by Chris Welsh enabled San Diego (3-3) to defeat Houston 4-2.

Newcomers were given a shot by the Astros (2-5) and Reds (1-6). The most impressive was Frank DiPino, one of three players Houston got when Don Sutton was traded to Milwaukee on Aug. 30. DiPino whiffed the first four Padres he faced and 10 in all during his five innings as the Astros won 4-3. Outfielder Gary Rodin, who fittingly plays for the Reds, swiped four bases in his first six big league games, two as Mario Soto sidetracked the Braves 4-3.

ATL 80-63 LA 80-64 SF 74-68
SD 74-69 HOU 65-78 CIN 53-50

NL EAST

St. Louis (3-3) clung to first as Joaquin Andujar and Bob Forsch were 1-0 winners over Montreal. But Ozzie Smith, who's suffering from a hemorrhage in his right thigh, may be out for the rest of the season.

The Phillies (3-3) batted .327 and got three homers from Mike Schmidt and two game-winning hits from Bill Robinson and one from Garry Maddox. Two saves by Jeff Reardon kept Montreal (4-2) rolling.

"Get out there and play ball. You're not retired yet." After hearing those words from President Reagan during a phone call on Wilie Stargill Day, Stargill went 2 for 4 last week as a pinch hitter for the Pirates (4-2). His two-run pinch double helped defeat Philadelphia (0-9).

With his latest homer, Leon Durham of Chicago (1-5) became the first Cub since Frank (Wildfire) Schulte in 1911 to reach the 20s in both homers and steals in one season. The Mets (3-3) began a drive to escape the cellar as Dave Kingman had 10 RBIs and, with three homers, took over the major league lead with 36. No. 35 was the first inside-the-park home run of Kingman's career.

STL 79-62 PHL 79-63 MONT 77-65
PITT 76-66 CHI 81-82 NY 66-84

AL WEST

More than ever, Fred Lynn of the Angels (4-2) didn't want to swing and miss when he pinch-hit in the eighth against the Blue Jays. A miss, Lynn knew, might aggravate his fractured rib, which had caused him to miss seven games. So Lynn slammed the first pitch for a three-run double that helped make Geoff Zahn (16-7) a 6-2 victor. Brian Downing had five RBIs in an 8-6 defeat of Chicago, and Ken Forsch beat Toronto 4-1 on four hits.

BALL PARK FIGURES

The major league leaders in slugging percentage (total bases divided by at bats):

AMERICAN LEAGUE	
1. Robin Yount, Brewers	.5604
2. Dave Winfield, Yankees	.5600
3. Eddie Murray, Orioles	.550
4. Doug DeCinces, Angels	.544
5. George Brett, Royals	.541
NATIONAL LEAGUE	
1. Mike Schmidt, Phillies	.598
2. Pedro Guerrero, Dodgers	.545
3. Gary Carter, Expos	.535
4. Al Oliver, Expos	.533
5. Jason Thompson, Pirates	.532

As usual, the Kansas City offense came through for Dennis Leonard, enabling him to breeze past Minnesota 9-3. During Leonard's 17 starts the Royals (3-3) have scored an average 6.6 runs. A 5-0 loss to the Twins (2-5) was doubly painful. One reason was that the Minnesota pitcher, Bobby Castillo, an erstwhile infielder-outfielder, was dropped from the Royals' minor league system in 1974 when K.C. refused to give him a tryout as a pitcher. The other reason was Gary Ward's apparently routine single, which became a three-run homer when the ball rolled past Rightfielder Steve Hammond and went to the wall. On Sunday, the Royals pained the Twins, slugging four homers while winning 18-7.

Chicago (4-2) had the Laws on its side while beating California 7-4 and 5-3. Rudy and Vance Law combining for seven hits in those games. Selome Barajas saved both games for the White Sox, who have won 10 of their last 13 outings. The second win over California went to Rich Dotson; it was his eighth victory in a row. Barajas later chalked up his 18th save when he preserved a 2-0 shutout of Oakland for Jerry Kosman.

One of Kosman's former teammates on the Mets also needed a hand to complete a 2-0 victory. Jon Matlack of Texas (4-3) pitched seven innings of one-hit ball against Minnesota before acquiring relief. Rookies George Wright and Pete O'Brien both homered in successive games, the second time in aid of Charlie Hough during a 5-2 defeat of the Mariners.

Four RBIs by Dave Henderson of the Mariners (4-2) carried Gaylord Perry to a 5-2 triumph over the Rangers. Bill Caudill got his 24th save by fanning three straight Royals with the bases loaded in the ninth, to sew up another 5-2 win.

Billyball didn't quite turn into Billybawl, but Manager Billy Martin of Oakland (1-5) did get in a few licks. Actually, they were

licks that showered dirt on an umpire with whom Martin disagreed. Meanwhile, the A's, who have lost 34 of 56 games, continued to dig their own hole.

KC 81-81 CAL 80-62 CHL 78-65 SEA 87-74
OAK 80-83 TEX 57-85 MIN 60-82

AL EAST

Strokes and streaks—the Orioles (4-3) lost both before resuming their high-flying ways. The Birds, who saw their 10-game win streak go down the tubes when they went 15 innings without a run, finally scored, against the Indians, and won 3-2 in the 13th on Eddie Murray's home run. Mike Flanagan won twice, and Scott McGregor, who'd been 0-5 with a 9.12 ERA in his previous six starts, beat the Yankees 8-2. Four homers gave New York (4-3) a 10-5 triumph that broke Baltimore's streak and Jim Palmer's string of 11 wins. Jerry Mumphrey's four-bagger in the 10th jarred Milwaukee 5-4 and was part of a 12-home run barrage last week by the Yankees. The Bombers have slugged 48 innings in their last 33 games, 13 by Dave Winfield, who raised his total to 32 with three last week.

Division-leading Milwaukee (3-4) lost two extra-inning games and sorely missed Revere Rhee Fingers, who has an ailing arm. But Don Sutton shut out Detroit 4-0, and Mike Caldwell ran his career record against New York to 11-3 when he won 5-3.

Three shutouts bolstered Cleveland (4-3). Ed Whinston beat Boston 2-0, Johnny Denny and Bud Anderson combined to whitewash Baltimore 3-0 and Rick Sutcliffe cooled off the Orioles 3-0.

Tight pitching also helped Toronto (3-3) to two victories. Dave Stieb's 14th win was a nine-strikeout, two-hit performance that styled Oakland 3-1. Jim Clancy and Dale Murray then held off the A's 2-1.

It was a pitcher's dream come true for Mike Torrez of the Red Sox (3-3) as his teammates' bats enabled him to breeze past the Indians

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CLAUDELL WASHINGTON: The Atlanta outfielder had nine RBIs, batted .387, belted two homers, beat L.A. 12-11 with a 10th-inning run and jolted Cincinnati 4-3 with a two-run single in the ninth.

10-3 and the Tigers 13-3. Jim Rice had five RBIs in the first of those games and Gary Alenson five in the second. The latter game was a nightmare for the Tigers (2-4), who made seven errors and issued 11 walks. Detroit, though, was twice a spoiler, beating Milwaukee 6-5 when Tom Bookens homered in the 10th and jolting Boston 6-4.

ML 84-58 BAL 80-61 BOS 70-62 NY 73-66
DET 71-66 CLE 68-72 TOR 65-78

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by N. Brooks Clark

A very un-Cavalier attitude

Virginia lost to Navy, but new Coach George Welsh is thinking positively

George Welsh, the new Virginia coach, was asked one day last week how he'd feel when his Cavaliers opened their season at the Naval Academy, his alma mater and former employer. Welsh replied, "I guess if I watched the Brigade march onto the field there'd be a little nostalgia."

After Virginia's 20-16 defeat last Saturday, Welsh admitted he'd sneaked two peeks at the Midshipmen as they proudly paraded into Navy-Marine Corps Stadium. Any pangs, George? "No, I've seen too many march-ons," he said. "They're all the same."

But didn't you feel some emotion while watching your old team whip your new one?

"Yeah, a little bit," Welsh said. "I lived with some of those guys for three or four years. For me it was a week of distractions. Too much talk. Too much said. What the heck, I'm not Bear Bryant."

You'd have a tough time persuading Navy Athletic Director Bo Coppedge that Welsh is anything less than a living legend. Coppedge often said that he'd bought a headstone and a gravesite in Annapolis for Welsh. "And I said I hoped he'd coach football here until it was time to use them," Coppedge says. In nine seasons, Welsh had guided the Middies, who had had only one winning season in the nine years before his arrival, back to respectability; over his last four seasons Navy went 30-13-1 and played in three bowls. Then in December Welsh moved to a different coaches' graveyard—Virginia.

The job in Charlottesville had opened up last year when Dick Bestwick was fired after a 1-10 season. "There's a time to stay and a time to leave," Welsh says. "And for me it was time to head on down the road."

Virginia joined the ACC in 1954 and has had only two winning seasons since. For the Cavaliers Welsh means, as Athletic Director Dick Schultz put it, "instant credibility." They had had only

one network television appearance in their history; this season they will be seen on Oct. 9 against Clemson and Nov. 25 against Virginia Tech in addition to last Saturday's regional telecast, which made it onto the air almost solely because of the novelty of Welsh's opening against the team he left behind. "I made the Academy \$300,000 just by moving," he said. Virginia's share, after divvying its \$300,000 with the rest of the ACC, came to about \$75,000.

In line with his image as the Calvin Coolidge of college coaches, Welsh did his best to downplay the significance of playing his alma mater. "A long time ago it might have meant a lot, but I've coached against Navy before [eight times as an assistant at Penn State]," he said. Welsh's parents first started telling young George about the Naval Academy when

he was eight, and from the time he was in ninth grade they took him to a game there at least once a year from their Coal-dale, Pa. home. Welsh, at 5' 10" and 156 pounds, quarterbacked the Midshipmen from 1953 through 1955, when he led the nation in passing yardage (1,319) and set a Navy record for completion average (62.7%). In his junior season, Welsh led the Team Named Desire to the Sugar Bowl and a 21-0 upset of Mississippi. His coach, Eddie Erdelatz, called him a "righthanded [Frankie] Albert" and a play-calling genius.

Welsh's chilly image is deceptive. He's been known to pat a, twist and jiggerbug after a victory. "He's a great athlete," says Joe Paterno, Welsh's boss for eight of his 10 seasons at Penn State, "and he's very light on his feet." It became a ritual at Penn State for Welsh to sing *Good Night Irene* in the locker room after wins. "That I don't miss at all," says Paterno.

One of Welsh's non-football interests, Thomas Jefferson, might have contributed to his decision to move to Virginia. He has read almost everything ever written on Jefferson, including Virginia Professor Dumas Malone's six-volume study; and an original engraving of the portrait on the two-dollar bill has hung in the Welsh home for two decades. Says his daughter Sally, 22, "We've had Jefferson in this house for as long as I can remember." Jefferson, of course, founded the University of Virginia in 1819.

In 1973 Welsh took over a Navy team that had suffered through five straight losing seasons. "I remember the moment of awakening," Welsh says. "I'd just left Penn State, where we'd had guys like Franco Harris and Lydell Mitchell, and I came away from my first team meeting at Navy thinking, 'They just don't look the same.' Well, I think the program

continued



Welsh is trying to point Virginia in a new direction.

was in worse shape here at Virginia. "We had to teach our players to work. Last spring, our practices would die off toward the end; they'd lose their concentration and they'd get tired." Which helps explain the 35 injuries that befell the Cavaliers between the spring workouts and last Saturday's kickoff.

"My biggest problem at Navy," Welsh says, "was convincing kids trying to make it into flight school that they didn't have to stay up all night studying to pass." Asked whether he thought his Virginia players would be inclined to stay up all night partying, Welsh said, "I hope that's not a part of their activities in the fall."

Says a friend of Welsh's, "Before practice, after practice, at meals, the Virginia players are loosey-goosey, and George hates that." One all-too-Cavalier was quoted in a Richmond paper as saying, "We'll loosen Coach Welsh up after he's been here awhile."

"Uh-huh," says Virginia's assistant coach, Frank Sroizian. "It's happening the other way around, and fast." The Cavaliers nevertheless made enough mistakes against the Middies to lose a game they should have won. Virginia out-gained Navy 430 yards to 226, but six times failed to score touchdowns after moving the ball inside the Middies' 10.

Navy, on the other hand, took advantage of its opportunities. "There were some things Coach Welsh said I couldn't do too well last year," Navy Quarterback Marco Pagnanelli said. "I wanted to show I'd improved in some respects." Consider it done.

Pagnanelli completed only five of 12 passes for just 64 yards, but hit Tailback Rich Clouse for two TDs. The first covered 18 yards and made it 10-3 Navy early in the second quarter. The second was a 19-yarder that gave the Middies a 20-13 lead late in the third quarter.

Navy Tailback Napoleon McCallum returned a punt 72 yards in the second quarter, and Roverback Brian Cusella showed Welsh a little bit of everything. He caused one Virginia fumble, was called for unnecessary roughness, recovered another fumble, was caught for pass interference and sacked Cavalier Quarterback Wayne Schuchts to end Virginia's last-chance drive with less than two minutes left in the game. "I don't know if I redeemed myself or not," Cusella said, grinning.

Schuchts threw a 54-yard touchdown

pass that put the Cavaliers, who had trailed 13-3, back in the game in the second quarter. His most resourceful moment came with 9:53 left in the game with Virginia behind 20-13. He dropped the snap, stepped forward, picked up the ball, took two steps back and threw a wobbler 40 yards to Flanker Mickey Graham at the Navy 8. That was one of those deep penetrations by the Cavaliers that came up short.

"It's a syndrome," Welsh said afterward. "A lot of these guys have been used to a lot of losses. We had our opportunities on the goal line and we couldn't do it. We have a long way to go, but it's a start. I still think we can have a winning season this year and have a shot at the ACC title in four. I also know that Virginia has had nine coaches in 29 years. That's a lot of coaches."

THE WEEK

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

MIDWEST Nebraska and Michigan, unpleasantly surprised in openers last season against Iowa and Wisconsin, respectively, each got revenge. The Cornhuskers did it with a new formation that allows Mike Roney and Roger Craig, who split the I-back duties in 1981, to play in the same time. They combined for 184 yards rushing in a 42-7 rout of the Hawkeyes. In the Wolverines' 20-9 defeat of Wisconsin before 104,932 in Ann Arbor Tailback Lawrence Ricks ran for a touchdown and 153 yards on 24 carries. The Badgers were assessed eight penalties, including four for late hits, one for face-masking and one for roughing the passer. "The penalties played a major factor in this game, because the fans just intimidated the officials out there," said Wisconsin Coach Dave McClain.

Indiana had revenge on its mind, too, against Northwestern because the Wildcats' 21-20 loss to Indiana in '81 was as close as Northwestern had come to not losing in 32 games. This time Indiana rolled 30-0 as sophomore Tailback Orlando Brown ran for 110 yards and two TDs.

Early in the second quarter of Michigan State's game at Illinois, Big Ten official Richard McVay, 35, who had recently shed 17 pounds and passed a conference physical, collapsed of a massive heart attack. He was rushed to Champaign's Burnham City Hospital, where he was pronounced dead a short time later. The film was the game 21-16 behind Quarterback Tony Eason, who completed 25 of 41 passes for 301 yards and one TD.

"John Elway told me last night before he went to bed, 'Relax, Coach, everything's O.K.,'" Stanford's Paul Wiggin said after a 35-14 victory over Purdue. Elway's four TD passes shattered Jim Plunkett's and Jack Thompson's Pac-10 career mark—Elway now has 57—and he connected on 29 of 36 for 333 yards. "It was a little easier getting back this year," said Elway, who spent six weeks during the summer as an outfielder for the Yankees' Oneonta, N.Y. farm team, for which he hit .318. "My arm was in shape."

Ohio State Coach Earle Bruce wanted junior Fullback Vaughn Broadnax to know that there are several Buckeye freshmen who can hit a hole as hard as he can. So Bruce stuck Broadnax on defense—at middle guard—for half of spring practice. This enlivened the 6'3", 258-pounder became the first Ohio State fullback since Ricardo Valley in 1979 to rush for more than 100 yards—101, in fact—in a game as the Buckeyes beat Baylor 21-14.

SOUTH At USC games in Los Angeles, taking fans to know that the field is usually reserved for Traveler III, the Trojan horse. But after Florida had beaten Southern Cal 17-9 for its second win over a Top 20 team in as many weeks—Miami had been the earlier victim—Gator Coach Charley Peil couldn't resist leading his players and assorted followers, including Florida alumni and pro golfer Andy Bean, at a jog around Florida Field. "It was a salute to the fans," he explained. "They haven't seen a Florida team reach this high in a long time." For his part, Gator Quarterback Wayne Peace hit 12 of 19 passes, including a fourth-and-goal TD pass to Wide Receiver Spencer Jackson from the USC one life in the first half. Jackson made an over-the-shoulder catch. Soon thereafter Peace directed a six play, 91-yard TD drive, finding Wide Receiver Dwayne Dixon for 47 yards on a look-in, and handing off to 235-pound Fullback James Jones on a draw for the final 22 and a 14-0 halftime lead. Linebacker Wilber Marshall led the Gator defense that forced five turnovers. USC Coach John Robinson later told Marshall, "You are the greatest."

"I decided to be the best decoy I could be," Herschel Walker said after Georgia's 13-7 defeat of Clemson on Labor Day night. Fitted with a special rubber cast over his broken right thumb, he gained only 20 yards but drew enough attention from the Clemson defense so his teammates could knock off the defending national champs on Kevin Butler's two field goals. On Saturday Walker was fitted with the football, too, running for 124 yards on 31 carries and a TD as Georgia rallied from seven down to beat Brigham Young 17-14. Butler hit from 44 yards with 1:11 left for the game winner. Cougar Quarterback Steve Young proved to be Brigham's not-so-great great-great-grandson, throwing six interceptions, which included

1. PITTSBURGH (1-0)	1 *
2. WASHINGTON (1-0)	2
3. GEORGIA (2-0)	3
4. SMU (1-0)	4
5. NEBRASKA (1-0)	5
6. ARIZONA STATE (2-0)	7
7. MICHIGAN (1-0)	8
8. FLORIDA (2-0)	16
9. PENN STATE (2-0)	9
10. N. CAROLINA (0-1)	10
11. ALABAMA (1-0)	11
12. ARKANSAS (1-0)	12
13. CLEMSON (0-1)	6
14. MIAMI (1-1)	13
15. W. VIRGINIA (1-0)	—
16. NOTRE DAME (0-0)	—
17. AUBURN (1-0)	—
18. USC (0-1)	17
19. BYU (1-1)	19
20. TEXAS (0-0)	20

* Preseason ranking

one in the last minute at the Georgia 27.

Playing Alabama as your opener is bad enough. Playing "Bama on Coach Bear Bryant's birthday—has 69th—is worse. But playing the Tide when you'd upset them the previous season... well, to get an idea of how vengefully wide open the Alabama offense was in its 45-7 rout of Georgia Tech and how lonely it was being a Tech defender, consider this: The Yellow Jackets had 72 unassisted tackles. "They offensed us to perfection," Tech linebacker Robert Jaracz said. "Bama scored on its first five possessions en route to a 31-0 halftime lead."

"You don't have to be too smart to look at our backs last year and our backs this year and see a difference," Auburn coach Pat Dye said after the Tigers had beaten Wake Forest 28-10 with 598 yards rushing. This year's backs are Bo Jackson, the 6'1", 224-pound locomotive, and the 5'7", 176-pound HO model, Lionel (Little Train) James. Under Wake coach highballed past the loose stops, averaging more than 11 yards a carry. Jackson scored twice, once on a 44-yard run, and James once, from 67 yards out.

Ankles played a big part in Miami's 31-12 defeat of Houston. One sprain kept the Cougars' starting quarterback, Lionel Wilson, on the sidelines, and another had Miami linebacker Jay Brophy on crutches all week. But Brophy was sent in during the second quarter and promptly forced a fumble by Audley McMillan, Wilson's stand-in, that led to a Hurricane field goal. Miami's Jim Kelly completed 16 of 27 passes for 208 yards and a TD. Tailback Mark Rush scored three TDs and Defensive Tackle Fred Robinson had two sacks and a fumble recovery.

Quarterback Kent Austin threw for two

TDs and ran for another as Mississippi upset No. 14 Southern Mississippi 28-19. Ole Miss only scored in the first half and held on despite Golden Eagle Quarterback Reggie Collier's 344 yards of total offense.

EAST "Our tackling was sloppy," said Coach Joe Paterno after Penn State's 39-31 win over Maryland, "and I'm being charitable by saying sloppy." But for the second straight week Paterno's quarterback, Todd Blackledge, tied the school record for TO passes in a game with four. And, again, the Lions didn't score on the ground. Even Tailback Curt Warner, who had complained about the aerial orientation in Penn State's earlier 31-14 defeat of Temple, caught four passes. "I overreacted and let my emotions go," he said last Saturday. "I have no beefs about the new offense." The Terps went ahead 24-23 early in the third quarter after Quarterback Boomer Eason (18 of 36 for 276 yards) hit Split End Russell Davis (a school record 188 yards on seven catches) for 50- and 60-yard TDs. But Blackledge then took the Lions 78 yards, throwing to Gregg Garrity from the 22 for the game-winner. Freshman Massimo Manca added four field goals for Penn State.

"The kids won it despite myself," Temple Coach Wayne Hardin said after his Owls beat Syracuse 23-18. "I made two terrible calls." One was for an onside kick after Temple had gone up 10-0—it resulted in a field goal for the Orangemen, the other was for a pass with 1½ minutes to play. It fell incomplete, stopping the clock and thereby giving Syracuse more time on its last possession. But the Owl offense, called the Smorgasbord by Hardin, stuffed the Orangemen. Junior Quarterback Tim Riordan completed 16 of 23 passes for 220 yards. His two scoring strikes included a 44-yard quick fly to Tight End Scott Andrien with 9:52 left.

SOUTHWEST "I would never have thought we'd play a game in which we didn't lose a fumble and wind up losing," an exasperated Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer said after the Sooners, who averaged 4.33 fumbles a game last season, lost 41-27 to visiting West Virginia, a 15-point underdog. The Mountaineers triumphed largely because Quarterback Jeff Hostetler threw for four touchdowns and 321 yards in his first start. "I don't have the right words to describe his performance," gushed Hostetler's coach, Don Nehlen. "Jeff just has to go down as history." Down 14-0 midway through the second quarter, Hostetler led one drive that concluded in a TO and two others that ended in Paul Woodside field goals. With 1:13 left in the half, the Mountaineers recovered a squib kick and scored on Hostetler's 33-yard strike to Darrell Miller. Tailback Curtin Beck ran 43 yards on a draw with less than three minutes left to play for his second TD to

close out the scoring for West Virginia, whose 41 points were the most by any visitor to Norman since 1928.

"The players are more optimistic than I am," Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz said early last week. "Heck, the people on the *Naturo* were optimistic." But on Friday he felt so good about the Razorbacks' chances in their opener with Tulsa that he played golf—and shot his best round ever, a 71. In the Hogs' 38-0 thumping of the Golden Hurricane, Flanker Derek Holloway took a 67-yard pass from Brad Taylor midway through the second quarter for one score and set up another TO and a field goal with a 24-yard punt return and a diving catch, respectively.

So, Coach, will you use your two terrific tailbacks, Eric Dickerson and Craig James, at the same time? "Yes," SMU's Bobby Collins says. Will you sell us when? "No," Collins says. "We're going to let the opponent figure that out each week." Trailblazing the Mustangs 24-0 at halftime, Tulane had an answer of sorts. New Coach Collins had alternated Ockerson (183 yards on 19 carries and two TDs) and James (110 yards on 16 carries and one TO) in the back of the I, and the 51-7 rout of the Green Wave was on. The Mustangs' 519 yards rushing were a school record.

Joe Kapp won his first game as Cal's coach, defeating Colorado 31-17 and sporting Buff Coach Bill McCartney's debut.

WEST "When I started playing football at Washington, I posted all of the school kicking records on one wall of my room," senior Kicker Chuck Nelson says. "My goal was to break as many as I could." His field goals of 32, 31, 33 and 24 yards in the Huskies' 55-0 defeat of Texas-El Paso gave

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: West Virginia Quarterback Jeff Hostetler, a 6'3", 212-pound junior transfer from Penn State, completed 17 of 37 passes for 321 yards and four TDs as the Mountaineers upset Oklahoma 41-27.

DEFENSE: Florida Linebacker Wilber Marshall, a 6'1", 230-pound junior, led a defense that held USC to 84 yards rushing in a 17-9 victory. He had 12 tackles, including nine solo and four sacks.

him a school-record 38 in his career. UCLA senior Flanker Japo Townsell also scored four times. His points came on TO passes of 23, 48, 32 and 18 yards from Quarterback Tom Ramsey, and all were in the first half of the Bruins' 41-10 defeat of Long Beach State.

Arizona State unveiled a new offensive star in a 23-10 win over Utah. He's Strong Safety Paul Meyer, who recovered two fumbles and intercepted two passes for a defense that set up all the Sun Devils' points.

by Anita Verschoth



Having led the 800 much of the way, Coe (318) was overtaken by Ferner at the end.

The Wednesday Wipeout

The record book and Seb Coe got obliterated during a hot day in Athens

Not since the Munich Olympics had three track-and-field world records fallen in a single day—and on that date, Sept. 10, 1972, all three had come in relays. What was happening at the European Athletic Championships in Athens last Wednesday night was without precedent in recent history. First, Marita Koch of East Germany chopped nearly half a second off her three-year-old world record in the women's 400-meter dash, lowering it to an astonishing 48.15. No other woman has ever run the distance in less than 49.03. Then, in darkness settled upon Athens' new Olympic Stadium,

6'2" Ulrike Meyfarth of West Germany, whose last major triumph had come as a 16-year-old at the Munich Games, scraped over the high jump crossbar on her third and final attempt at 6'7½" to win the competition and surpass by almost half an inch Sara Simeoni's 1978 women's world mark. Two individual records were already dust and a third was crumbling. With only the 10th and final event, the 1,500, remaining in the decathlon, Britain's Daley Thompson was within 612 points—or a 4:26.5 1,500—of Jürgen Hingsen's month-old record of 8,723 points. A lackluster summer for in-

ternational track and field had suddenly, stunningly, come alive.

"The European championships are the second biggest games after the Olympics," Thompson had said earlier, explaining his own fervor in training for them. Other Europeans had said the same thing all year. Indeed, by the time the week-long meet ended on Sunday, there had been a series of Olympic-quality performances. East Germany's 4 × 400 women's relay team, anchored by Koch, lowered the world record by .18 seconds to 3:19.05, and 5'5", 158-pound Anna Verouli, a 25-year-old grade-school teacher from Athens, became the first Greek ever to win a gold medal in these championships and the fourth woman in history to surpass 229 feet in the javelin, when she uncorked a winning throw of 229'9". But there were colossal disappointments, too. England's David Moorcroft, who in July shattered the world record for 5,000 meters, could place no higher than third in that event. And the buzzing engendered by Koch's record run had hardly subsided when another Briton, Sebastian Coe, took to the track for the 800-meter final—and the most shocking defeat of his career.

Coe, the world-record holder in the 800, had looked sharp in all three of his races since coming back from a leg injury last month, and he had cruised to easy victories in his 800 heats on Monday and Tuesday. Still, because he had been hurt for so much of 1982, Coe was worried. As he would say afterward, "I always knew that after only five weeks' training, sooner or later the body would break." On Wednesday night, it broke.

Coe was in perfect position through 600 meters, having taken the lead near the end of the first lap and opened two meters between himself and Olaf Beyer of East Germany. Beyer had upset Coe in the 800 at the last European Championships, in Prague in 1978, and Coe had hunted all week that he was out for revenge. As Coe raced into the last turn, Beyer dropped farther back. Coming off the slow pace that had been set early in the race by Hans-Peter Ferner of West Germany, Coe, with his superior speed,

continued

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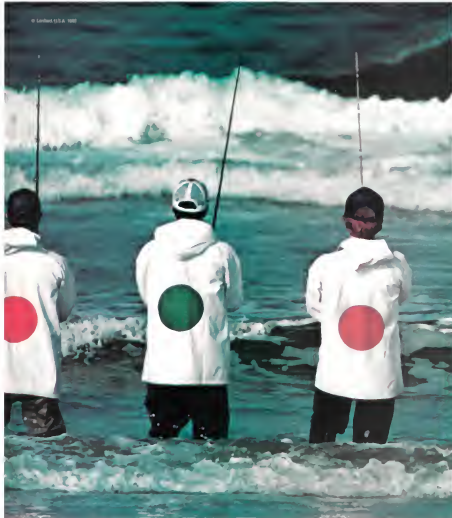
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TRACK & FIELD continued

seemed certain to pull away. Only Ferner was close to him.

Suddenly, just after the turn, Ferner was even closer. And gaining. A 26-year-old energy consultant whose best 800 time in 1981, 1:46.72, had placed him 43rd in the world, Ferner had wisely conserved his own resources for this final charge. Coe, in contrast, was slowing, his muscles tying up. One observer later described him as a "congealing mass." Coe would tell London's *Daily Telegraph*, "I thought I had the armory to handle any situation. Obviously I have not." With 30 meters left, Ferner passed him and reached the tape first in 1:46.33, off Coe's world record by a full five seconds, with Coe coming in second in 1:46.68. He walked off the track with his head down, staggered by the loss.

"We didn't have enough in the bank," said Coe's father and coach, Peter. "The check bounced in the last 30 meters." But then he spoke more soberly about the consequences of his son's defeat. Seb, he said, wouldn't double in the 1,500, as he had contemplated, or run in the lucrative mile race on Sept. 25 in Eugene, Ore., or even compete in next month's Commonwealth Games in Brisbane. And he might retire after next summer's world championships in Helsinki, rather than after the 1984 Olympics. "Some people may now think Seb is not among the alltime great runners because of this latest defeat," Peter said. "I want him to prove them wrong by ripping the guts out of the world championships with an 800-meters and 1,500-meters double and then call it a day in a blaze of glory."

As for now, flame-out was more like it.



Seb, who has lost every important 800 race of his career—the finals of two European championships and the 1980 Olympics—awoke on Thursday morning with swollen glands and a sore throat, a possible explanation for his shocking performance. "I've studied a video," he said, still bewildered and smarting under criticism that he didn't pick up the pace and shake his pursuers once and for all when he had the lead. "I'm convinced I ran a textbook race."

Certainly Thompson's decathlon performance could have come straight from the instructional manual. "Being a decathlete is like having 10 girl friends," he'd explained beforehand. "You have to love them all, and you can't afford losing one." In Athens, Thompson had obviously not forsaken any of these 10 loves, although he did leave his real girl friend, Patricia Quinlan, back home in England. Hingsen, an aspiring movie actor who at 6'7" and 220 pounds is known as the German Hercules, last month had broken

continued

Koch stunningly lowered her own 400 world mark by almost a half second, to 48.15.

Meyfarth went over the bar at 6' 7 1/4" to break the women's high-jump record, while Vesoul's javelin throw traveled 229' 9"—just 6' 1" shy of the women's record.





Thompson opened his duel with Hingsen by winning the 100 in 10.51 to Hingsen's 11.01. But in the high jump his 6' 5" was far outclassed by the 6' 7" Hingsen's 7' 1/2".

TRACK & FIELD continued

the record of 8,704 points that the 6' 1", 194-pound Thompson had set in May. But Hingsen had celebrated that success with 10 days of partying, cigar smoking

and TV appearances; seemingly he was as intent on squandering his fitness as Thompson was on improving his. Hingsen had brought his California girl friend, Jeanne Putcell, to Athens, saying, "She gives me strength." After his rec-

ord-setting performance in Ulm, she had also kissed his feet and drunk champagne with him right on the track.

From the start, in Athens, however, Thompson was dominant. On Tuesday morning he outscored Hingsen 10.51 sec-





Thompson's time in the 1,500 enabled him to raise the decathlon record to 8,743 points.

onds to 11.01 in the first event, the 100-meter dash, and then surpassed him in his specialty, the long jump, 25' 7 1/4" to 24' 10 1/2". After winning the 400, the last of Tuesday's five events, in 47.11, Thompson had scored 4,549 points and led Hingsen by 114.

Following a sleepless night, Thompson did 14.39 seconds in Wednesday's opening event, the 110-meter hurdles. When he failed to reach even 132" with the first two of his three discus attempts—Hingsen's best throw had been 146' 9"—Thompson appeared to be in trouble and his advantage had shrunk to just 44 points. But in his five years as a world-class decathlete, the 24-year-old Thompson has earned a deserved reputation as the event's most dogged competitor. Growing up in a London ghetto, the son of a Nigerian father and a Scottish mother, he has always had to struggle to get ahead. His final discus throw sailed 149' 2". He quickly pointed a finger at Hingsen, as if to say, Jürgen, you've had it. His lead was back up to 152 points.

By the time the pole vault competition

In 110-meter hurdles, Thompson won his section in 14.3, gaining points on Hingsen.

began at 2 p.m., the temperature in the Olympic Stadium was in the 90s. Still, Thompson was unable to stomach either fruit or juice for refreshment. "I was too busy thinking," he said later, "that I had started off winning and that I was going to finish winning." He was also thinking about a vaulting accident he'd suffered only six weeks earlier in which a pole had snapped, its jagged end piercing his left elbow. Seven stitches had closed the wound, but the memory remained. Yet he again outdid Hingsen, clearing 16' 4 3/4" to the West German's 15' 9". Now it was Thompson against not Hingsen but Hingsen's record.

Thompson remained roughly on record pace through the eighth and ninth events, but he was exhausted by the time he went to the line for the 1,500. He rubbed his hands together and stared straight down at the track, repeating "4:26.5" over and over to himself. He had run 4:30.55 while setting the record in May and seemed unlikely to surpass that time here. Three plodding laps seemed to confirm that evaluation. After 1,200 meters, Thompson was in ninth place, three seconds off 4:26.5 pace.

"It's not far any more," he told himself as he entered the final lap. "I can give it

everything I've left." To the amazement of the 60,000 fans who had lingered through the long evening, Thompson accelerated. To eighth, to seventh, to sixth. At the end he was actually displaying his specialty; he was sprinting. He crossed the line in 4:23.71, a personal record. For the third time in his career, Thompson had established a world record. His total of 8,743 had broken Hingsen's mark by a mere 20 points, or the decathlon equivalent of less than a tenth of a second in the 100. "I'll get it back next year," said Hingsen, who finished at 8,518.

Oddly, Thompson was hardly joyous. Draped in a Union Jack, he "celebrated" with a slow walk around the track. After some bitter comments about his more publicized countryman, Coe—"Tell me something," he said sharply to British journalist Neil Allen, "if I had finished second, would I have gotten a press conference?" as Coe had—Thompson asked to be left alone. "After the two days, when it's all over, you feel like an empty shell," he said. "You don't feel very good. You want some fresh air." And with that Thompson was off, thereby ending a night that to everyone else had been gloriously full, a great gust of fresh air. **END**



Daley was unflagging until he had won.

HERE SHE IS, THE



Designed about 30 years ago to indulge a pregnant lady, the

TRUE LOVE BOAT



Sunfish, of which 200,000 have been built, spawned its own breed of devotees, some of whom coach
BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

CONTINUED



In the hardware and finishing room, the Sunfish is completed, inspected and packed in a carton like those on the forklifts.

The story is fraught with all the melodrama of one of those good old Saturday afternoon B movies of the 1940s in which a couple of wholesome, happy-go-lucky (but likably shrewd) all-American boys set up shop in Pop's garage, work hard and wind up inventing the world's first perpetual-motion machine out of old bicycle wheels and broken mousetraps. And they go on to become legends in their own time—famous and rich, paragons of the capitalist establishment—the Eli Whitneys, the Thomas Edisons, the Henry Fords of their day, freckle-faced examples of the

best that the American Dream could ever hope to produce. And not only that, their product is designed to do nothing but *make people happy!*

That, in slightly different form, is the story of Alcor Inc. and its two founders, Alexander Bryan and Cörlsändt (Bud) Heywager (the Al and the Cort of the firm name), both now 69 years old. They got together after World War II in the loft of a lumberyard in Waterbury, Conn. and eventually invented and mass-produced the Sunfish, which is the most popular sit-down-and-ride-in-it sailboat on the planet. Almost twice as many Sunfish

have been sold as its closest competitor.

Sometime last spring—or maybe it was early summer—the 200,000th Sunfish was sold. No one knows when it came off the production line, and no one knows where it was shipped; in fact, no one is sure of anything about the 200,000th Sunfish except that it was produced this year. The reason for all this uncertainty is that, believe it or not, no one knows when Alex and Cort began making them—1951? 1952? 1954? (The best bet is 1952.) Like good red-blooded B-movie heroes, the Akort boys were more interested in the raw-meat stuff of production results than they were in the dull, dusty chore of keeping accurate books or records.

The second-most-popular sailboat is the Laser (a 14-foot, high-performance racer) with sales of just over 100,000, followed by the Hobie Cat 16 (the zippy catamaran designed by Hobie Alter) with 75,000. The Windsurfer, the stand-on-it sailboard which swept across American waters in the late 1960s and early 1970s and spread to Europe with similar impact more recently, now outnumbers all manner of wind-propelled craft, with roughly 250,000 in use. But the sailboard isn't a true sailboat.

For years, brassbound racing sails and lots of weekend sailors, perhaps suffering from delusions of their own grandeur,



The Sunfish's creators in comfortable retirement: Alex and Cort help out at a blacksmith shop. Bryan plays as much golf as he possibly can.



have looked on the Sunfish as little more than a beach toy. There is plenty of evidence to refute this, of course. World class racers such as Dennis Conner, of America's Cup fame, and Gary Hoyt, who developed the Freedom class and won the first Sunfish worlds in 1972, learned to sail at the slim wooden tiller of the Sunfish. This year the class had its 13th world championship, at San Mateo, Calif., on the choppy waters of San Francisco Bay. There were 71 competitors from no fewer than 21 countries. The Sunfish class is officially recognized by the U.S. Yacht Racing Union, and the international union is expected to accept the class soon. Sunfish racing is by no means confined to the U.S. Racing sail

numbers have been issued to 55,000 Sunfish owners, and there are registered fleets all over the world. Oddly enough, the largest fleet is in Saudi Arabia, where an armada of 300 flits about the Persian Gulf, skippered by every type of individual, from expatriate American oil worker to oil-rich Arab aristocrat. Thousands of miles and many degrees on the thermometer away, frostbite sailing in the Sunfish is popular from late fall to early spring. The little boat is year-around as well as world-around.

Obviously, the appeal of the Sunfish—which costs only \$1,259 and can be sailed by a reasonably smart 6-year-old—cuts through a lot of social, economic and ethnic strata. This fall *The Sunfish Book* will be published by Sail Books. The author is a Hartford p.r. man and sailor named Will White, 52, who was the North American Sunfish champion in 1966 and 1968. According to White, "The Sunfish is pure sailing—the sail in the wind, the board in the water, and you in the hull in between—one hand on the tiller, the other on the sheet and the wind in your hair. Pure sailboat racing, too. For the racing sailor, it

continued

Embryonic Sunfish: The first step is to spray a waned mold with a coat of polyester-base resin—the boat's outer skin





Sunfish

is the essence of yacht racing. It was the first truly one-design boat, rigidly controlled by the manufacturer, with even the sails limited to one loft and very little that could be done in the way of adding expensive go-fasts. No need for a new set of sails every year. No need to keep buying or changing expensive hardware to keep up with the latest sailing theory. Even if you attach the best of everything

allowed by the class rules, you'll have a hard time spending more than \$100."

Whether for racing or recreation, the Sunfish has come to be one of our more familiar images—almost as recognizable a symbol of carefree vacations and sunshine fun as Santa Claus is a symbol of Christmas. It's said you can't watch a TV screen anywhere in the U.S. for 24 hours without seeing at least one Sunfish go by. The saucy little boat has appeared on enough Sunday-supplement covers to rank right up there with puppies and Princess Di. It has come to be the prescribed jolly beach backdrop for print ads and TV commercials from Air

Kostecki, whose home is just north of San Francisco Bay, won the world title there last month.

France to S&H Green Stamps, from Buicks to Wamsutta sheets, from the National Geographic Society to tourism in the state of Utah. When Bryan was asked to explain this phenomenon, he said, "I think there's something friendly about the appearance of these boats. Something unpretentious. Nobody is ever jealous of a Sunfish, and I think that probably works to make other people's products not look snobbish."

Whatever the reason, the Sunfish is everywhere, and one never knows where it might pop up. In 1968, the tiny island of Montserrat in the British West Indies issued a 5¢ stamp honoring the Sunfish, and two years later the Bahamas came out with a 12¢ Sunfish. In 1959, FORTUNE picked the 100 best-designed products of all time—including such classics as the Model T Ford, the Kodak Brownie, the Rolls-Royce Phantom II and the Ben Franklin iron stove. The Sunfish was a very new product then, and it didn't make the grade in that august company, but when FORTUNE came up with a new list, in 1977, of the 25 best-designed contemporary products, the Sunfish was right there along with the Trimline Touch-Tone telephone, the Porsche 911 S Targa and Adidas running shoes.

But all of this high-tech accolade and worldwide marketing clout isn't really the Sunfish story, not at all. No, its origins lay in the minds of "two nice guys sitting in the middle of a pile of shavings," as a Hartford adman described them after his first sight of the Alcott partners in the 1950s. Bryan and Heyniger were boyhood pals who began collaborating as builders with a collection of "huts," the Waterbury version of the classic tree-house or clubhouse. The Alcott boys were into super-huts—one was three stories high and had running water—as well as even more complex projects. "We built a glider once, but it wouldn't fly, not even with our lightest friend," Heyniger recalls. They never had any formal training in woodworking—"We sort of taught each other," says Bryan—but they were obviously smitten with the craft at an early age. As Heyniger said recently, "The

continued

Fries lost to Kostecki by just .3 of a point, the narrowest margin ever in world competition.



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best Christmas present I ever got as a boy was 10 pounds of nails."

Bryan and Heyniger went to different prep schools (Lawrenceville and Hotchkiss) and different colleges (Yale and Dartmouth) but they both wound up in the late 1930s caught in the backwater of the same Depression. Bryan ended up at the Scovill Manufacturing plant in Waterbury as an apprentice machinist, and Heyniger went to work on the production line at the Waterbury Buckle Company for 35¢ an hour. In the autumn of 1941 they built a single-seater iceboat, then six more like it. The winter of '41-42 provided, in Cort's memory, "the best iceboating in history." They had a ball on the lakes around Waterbury, but then World War II intervened. Bryan flew with the Army Air Corps Reserve in South America, and Heyniger joined the Navy and served in both the European and the Pacific theaters.

Four years later they went home to Waterbury. While they were gone, Bryan and Heyniger had learned that the barn in which they stored their beloved iceboats had burned to the ground. Fortunately, the barn and its contents were insured and the boys had some money coming, roughly \$5,600. While they were at war, Bryan had written Heyniger to tell him of the insurance money and to suggest that they go into business together. "Let's build something," he said.

For their iceboat business they picked a perfect spot in the winter of 1946—the ice-cold loft over a lumberyard. The place was heated by two oil stoves but got so cold at night that sometimes glue would become as brittle as glass. But the rent was only \$75 a month. The first thing they did was choose a name for their company. "We thought Alcott sounded a lot better than Cortal," says Bryan. "and also we knew that it would come first in the Yellow Pages." And that was about as sophisticated as merchandising got around Alcott back then. The boys were much more interested in the excitement of big-time, full-capacity production, so, says Bryan, "We went



Meinelt is now AMI Alcott quality manager

downstairs to the lumberyard and bought planks for a workbench, and then to the hardware store across the street for some tools."

Their first order wasn't for an iceboat. It was for a dozen wooden drawer pulls, at 10¢ each, for Heyniger's girl friend. But they did get into the boat business that winter, building seven iceboats of plywood and Sitka spruce. They also began to make rowboats. They sold some, but for all of 1946 they grossed only \$4,700. In early '47 they hired their first employee, a gangly local kid named Carl Meinelt. Boats didn't bring in enough revenue, so they branched out, making other things, such as portable ironing boards, baby swings that hung in doorways and a child's game called the Klockity-Klack Marble Track.

The big breakthrough order that ultri-

mately set them to making sailboat history wasn't very impressive at first glance. A man from the local Red Cross came by and asked if they could make a small sailboard for lifesaving use. He had a plan, and Alcott came up with an estimate of what it would cost—around \$75. The Red Cross man said the price was too high, and left. Meinelt says with a wink, "I think he really wanted us to do it as a contribution to the Red Cross."

As it turned out, it was the Red Cross that made the contribution to Alcott. "He made the mistake of leaving the plans behind," says Heyniger, "so we decided to make a sailboard anyway. Then Alex put a triangular Old Town canoe sail on it, and we stuck on some aluminum bars. It was only 22 inches wide, and we couldn't make it do anything. We needed more beam, so we made another one 32 inches wide. I could never get it to work at all. Carl was more agile, but it was still like trying to sail a log."

Finally, after fiddling around with several models, they installed a rudder and a dagger board and widened the beam to a manageable 36 inches and the length to just short of 14 feet. They kept the equilateral triangle sail. And the boat worked just fine. They first called it the Sail-board, but that seemed fairly uninteresting, so they picked Sailfish—possibly because, as Heyniger recalls, "The thing sailed under the water about as much as it did on top—which was like a sailfish." Something like that.

When White asked Heyniger how much the company had charged for the first Sailfish, Cort just wasn't sure. "We didn't keep records," he said. "We'd get so cluttered up with stuff that we threw a bunch away. But I think the first Sailfish cost \$128.50. The first Sunfish, I think, was \$200—no, \$195. To keep it under \$200."

Despite the change in the name, the Sailfish was in fact a sailboard. A person sat on a flat surface, legs stretched out in front, with the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other, and had a very wet ride.

The early models were made of plywood and the

continued

A pair of bright Sunfish decorate the manufacturing plant in Waterbury, Conn.



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MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE.
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MYERS'S RUMS, 80 PROOF. FRED J. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ARECIBO, PR.



buyer had a choice between a readymade boat or a cheaper do-it-yourself kit. This made for some wildly varied finished products. Heyniger recalls, "The brochure suggested that a kit could be assembled in a few dozen hours, but a real perfectionist could spend a whole winter at it, while some people slapped them together in no time and they'd have leak problems for the rest of their life. We found some people were installing screws with a hammer instead of a screwdriver."

Alcott started selling Sailfish in 1947 and moved about 100 the first year. "We knew practically every customer by his first name," Heyniger says. But they were beginning to think a little bigger and they contacted an ad man, who wangled a very small patch of space for their very small boat on the floor of New York City's Grand Central Palace, where the 1948 New York National Boat Show was being held. Fortuitously, the Sailfish—that cute little wood chip with its perky lateen sail—wound up sitting right next to a 57-foot Wheeler yacht, the largest boat in the show. The glorious contrast between the two made the Sailfish the talk of the town.

That was excellent, if accidental, *p.r.*, but the big coup—the thing that "really put the oniment in the fan," as Heyniger says—occurred in August 1949, when *LIFE* magazine ran a double-page photograph of a Sailfish skimming along on a lake near Madison, Conn. In those days the clout of *LIFE* was so enormous that Alcott's phones nearly fell off their hooks with calls from excited customers.

And was that all-important *LIFE* story the result of smart, sophisticated press-agency on the part of Alcott's marketing

geniuses? Certainly not. It was just as refreshingly unpreconceived as everything else about the outfit. Some friend of Bryan's or Heyniger's (no one recalls whose) brought a weekend date to Connecticut and introduced her to the Sailfish, which she loved. Lo and behold, she turned out to be a *LIFE* editorial researcher who re-

ferred to the Sailfish. We literally stumbled into it and we were lucky every minute of every day." Possibly so, but they were turning Sailfish out by the dozen—efficiently and swiftly. Whereas business had been so miserable that at one point the partners had gone without their own salaries—50¢ an hour each—in order

to keep their books balanced, now the company revenues began to climb. Both had been bachelors when they started Alcott, but as times improved, so also did their matrimonial prospects. Bryan married Aileen Shields, a good sailor herself and the daughter of the famed Cornelius Shields, the first man to win the Mallory Cup, the symbol of the national sailing championship. Heyniger married Jean Van Valkenburg, the woman who had ordered the dozen wooden drawer pulls. Both wives dutifully skipped Sailfish from time to time, and both found them ungodly uncomfortable, particularly Aileen Bryan when she was pregnant with one of her five children, because it was awkward to sit on the board with her legs stuck straight out. Both suggested that it would be really terrific if they had somewhere to put their feet.

The partners conferred with their star employee, Meinel. "He was a man who could do anything," Bryan says. "Bud and I got a lot of credit for what happened, but Carl deserved a lot of it himself." One day in—1951? 1952?—Meinel hunched over the floor of the shop and drew the basic lines for a new boat design in the sawdust. He added a foot more beam than the Sailfish had, and he included a comfy footwell in the deck to allow a pregnant sailor to sit in a more natural position while handling the tiller. Heyniger says of Meinel's de-

continued



Sailfish have sometimes carried the mail around the West Indian islands.

turned to Manhattan and suggested a picture spread on the Sailfish—and nothing was ever quite the same again in Alcott's lumberyard loft. When the story ran, Heyniger was vacationing in the South and Bryan sent him this telegram: *LIFE'S OUT. WE'RE IN. ALL'S FORGIVEN. COME HOME.*

It was beautifully clean-cut innocent stuff—nice guys finishing first and all that. Bryan recalls, "It was a wonderful experience. Everyone was rooting for us. But, you know, we can't take real credit



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sign as it appeared on the floor: "It looked pretty good. It wasn't until about three years later that we even bothered to get prints made." And Bryan says, "People worry and argue over designs like this. They change it and fiddle with it. We just took it right from our heads to the model. And the design we ended up with depended more on the amount of bend there was in a piece of wood than on either esthetics or engineering factors."

Mcneil says, "It all seemed to work out about right. We pretty much drew what felt right and then built it. Of course, the dimensions were also figured so we could cut the hull and the deck inside the measurements of the plywood sheets we were buying then. No one liked to waste anything in those days."

Well, there it was—the most popular sailboat in the world. The length was 13' 7½" and the beam 47½". The hull weighed roughly 130 pounds. In short, one of the best-designed manufactured products of the entire 20th century was created out of nothing more than a passion for economical woodworking and a freethand sense of what a fun little sailboat should feel like.

The name? Was that the result of deep thinking and heavy consultation among marketing experts? Certainly not. Heyniger says, "I don't know, the boat seemed sort of fat, sort of round like a sunfish. I guess it was just a case of naming a no-count boat after a no-count fish." And the world-famous Sunfish symbol that has appeared on all 200,000 sails? Heyniger grins and says, "I drew a circle with a nickel and added the fins and the tail and the eye. Nothing we did was ever really accomplished

with too much forethought, you know."

The Alcott boys had, it seems, a magic touch. Certainly the Sunfish appeared in quantity at a propitious time—in the late '50s, when prosperity beamed on nearly everyone and just when the explosion in leisure-time activity was about to boom. Says Heyniger, "We were in the right place at the right time—through no real credit to ourselves. There was no real competition in mass-producing small sailboats. By the time the Sunfish came along, we had the bugs ironed out of the production line with the Sailfish. We had

ness conditions. Alcott needed sound, professional management. Neither Al nor Cort considered himself—or the other—to be a high-powered executive type. So in 1956 they hired an M.B.A. from Michigan named Bruce Connelly. He was a classic sales go-getter, an excellent organizer and a smart marketing man. It was Connelly who put together the dealer organization—a remarkably loyal and productive crowd that today numbers some 700 dealers in the 50 states and almost every country worldwide.

As Alcott moved out of the '50s with both Sunfish and Sailfish sales roaring and Connelly holding a steady course in the front office, there was one other big change on the Alcott production line. Until 1959, all of the company's boats were wooden, including the spars, which were made of spruce poles, and the dagger boards and rudders, which were made of mahogany. Then along came fiber glass.

Bryan says, "We had been aware of fiber glass for quite a while. Lots of people had tried to use it to make boats and had failed. The material itself wasn't consistent and the surfaces would be uneven. We were dubious, but the truth is our company didn't amount to very much until we started molding our boats in fiber glass. Then they were faster and lighter and much prettier—and we were a much different company."

Along with replacing the wooden hull with fiber glass, Alcott utilized other up-to-date, if less

the advantage of being able to produce all the boats we could sell. And people practically begging to buy them. It was exactly like we'd built a better mousetrap—they were beating a path to our door."

But even under those heavenly busi-

lovable materials such as aluminum for the formerly spruce masts and Dacron for the formerly 100% cotton sails. The rudder and dagger board remained mahogany, but the tiller was changed to ash (though stained the color of mahoga-

continued



This photograph, from a 1949 *Life* magazine story, triggered the Sunfish boom.



Until 1959, a sailor could buy a do-it-yourself Sunfish kit.

nyl) because that wood happens to be sturdier.

And the company grew and grew. In 1964 it moved to its fifth and present plant, built on a seven-acre plot deep in the bleak factoryscape that is Waterbury's industrial complex. The plant is cheerily topped with a couple of Sunfish on the roof, but, seemingly for miles in every direction there are dozens of shut-down or limping factories, melancholy symbols of the economy.

At Alcott things are O.K., if not terrific. There are 150 employees, 40 of whom work on the production line, efficient in effect but Rube Goldbergian to look at: Fiber glass boat molds hang from lines like fish as they move along ceiling trolley tracks from process to process until, ultimately, a gleaming, finished boat appears. When things are going at top speed, a Sunfish can be completed—from first spray coating of the stripes across the deck to the final sealing of the cardboard box it will be shipped in—in just over six hours. Sadly, the original 12-foot Sunfish, granddaddy of the whole current \$12 million-a-year operation, was dropped from the line back in 1966. A 14-foot Super Sunfish managed to stay

alive and marketable between then and 1980, but it's also now extinct. However, the Sunfish sail on. The average production has been close to 10,000 a year for almost 20 years. The highest figure was 15,000-plus in 1974, the low just over 7,000 during the recession of the mid-1970s. What with this year's economic woes, the total probably won't rise above 7,000 either.

Still, through thick and thin, the firm goes on, and most of its employees have been around for a long time. Meinelt is still there; he's now quality manager. Among the missing, however, are Alex Bryan and Cortlandt Heyniger. They sold the whole Alcott shebang to American Machine and Foundry Co. in

1969. At the time, AMF was busily acquiring sporting goods and recreational firms by the handful. Alcott fit their plans perfectly.

And, as it turned out, AMF fit Bryan's and Heyniger's plans even better. "Selling to them was the best thing that ever happened to me," says Heyniger. Bryan agrees: "We had gone from scratch—absolutely nothing—to being a business that was quite valuable. Neither Bud nor I were managers. We'd been wonderfully fortunate, but we knew we had all our eggs in one basket. We were worried that we were vulnerable to having all sorts of big companies move in and take our business away from us. We were so small! So rather than get deeper involved in protecting ourselves, we sold to AMF. We'd had other offers, but theirs was just right. I felt real comfortable with their executives. Also, I'm a golfer and I was intrigued with the fact that they had Ben Hogan advising them on golf clubs. We had no regrets. We'd made so much more money than we ever dreamed we'd earn."

Alex and Cort thought they might continue to work with the AMF people, but both rather quickly dropped out of

active participation in Alcott—Bryan within two years. Heyniger in three years. As the latter says with a shrug, "You can't work for someone else when you've spent your whole life working for yourself."

Since the founders' retirement, AMF Alcott has produced or marketed a number of sailboats other than the Sunfish—from a 26-footer for \$22,000-plus, the Paceship, in the mid-'70s (now discontinued) to a sailboat called the Windflute for \$895 (a good seller today). The Force 5, a sleek and classy Laser-like boat, sells well at \$1,995. The Minifish is a smaller, shallower Sunfish for \$895 and is only mildly successful, as is the Puffer, a 12½-foot day-sailer for \$1,995; a 15-foot model is in the works. The Sunbird, a day-sailer with a rather tubby look, hasn't done well at \$3,995 and may be phased out. A couple of new cutanarams—the Trac 18 (\$6,500) and the Trac 14 (\$2,695)—seem ready to catch on.

With a volume of about 12,000 boats a year, AMF Alcott is the world's leading producer of sailboats in terms of sheer numbers. Yet, as Jim Ronsnagen, vice-president for sales and marketing, points out, "Yes, we're the biggest producer—by far. But the sailboat business is very fragmented. There are probably 4,000 so-called manufacturers in the U.S., but 1,400 of them make one or two boats a year. About 200 of them—the big ones—build between 10 and 25 a year. But the cheapest boats in those yards will be \$20,000 and they go up to a million dollars, or more. We sell to our dealers for under \$1,000. We have to build a lot of Sunfish to get the same revenue those guys get on one boat."

Over the years, there have been many assaults made on the Sunfish market—imitations, cheaper imitations. And none has made a noticeable dent. Why? Ronsnagen answers with the predictable, self-serving—yet inescapably true—pitch of a Sunfish salesman: "It's a great product, and it has been from the start. Sailing has always been considered a rich man's sport, but the Sunfish removes that stigma from it. The boat is inexpensive, easy to transport, easy to learn. The wind is free. Maintenance is almost nonexistent. Unlike golf, skiing, tennis and other sailing, there aren't constant, expensive

technological changes. You can race in it, loll in it, let children use it without anxiety. It's just a great product. It's good for everything."

Well, just about everything. Enthusiasts have been known to enjoy offshore cruising in, and overnight camping from, Sunfish, and have used them on river trips. Every May a fleet of about 100 of the little boats participates in a three-day race down the Connecticut River from Hartford to Essex. Lots of big yachts carry a Sunfish for frolicking while at anchor. There is a story, oft-told at AMF Alcott, about a large yawl that sank like a stone in a wild ocean a few years ago. Everyone was certain he would die in the murderous seas when, after a few minutes, what should come bursting to the surface but a Sunfish that had been lashed to the deck. It had been ripped loose by the power of its own buoyancy and risen to the top to save all hands.

Though it can serve as an emergency lifeboat or even as a child's beach toy, the Sunfish also offers good times to the hell-bent racing sailor. At its upper levels, Sunfish racing is as fierce and precise a game as any yachting competition. Yet the environment of Sunfish racing is indubitably different from most other competitions in that the class is totally controlled by the manufacturer. This means that Alcott dictates all the rules and all the limits on equipment changes and go-fast tricks. These structures govern almost everything—sail size and material, fittings, the size and shape of the dagger board, rudder, tiller, etc.

White writes, "The Sunfish has remained as one-design a boat as it is possible to make. . . . It is still quite possible to take a boat right out of the box and win races against boats that have been completely equipped with all of the gadgetry permitted."

Despite the strictness of the rules, racing techniques and tricks in a Sunfish can be innovative indeed. The tuning of the boat involves dozens of tiny changes that include everything from shaping the leading edge of the rudder to choosing the kind of anti-chafing material to cover the deck—a necessity in order to protect one's legs during long periods of hiking out. Methods for reducing dagger-board resistance are discussed endlessly. So are

continued

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the myriad ways of rigging sails. A favorite—indeed, essential—technique is to fix the sail so low on the mast that the boom sweeps within an inch or so of the deck. Racers also argue long and hard over whether a heavier boat will do better or whether a “stiffer” boat is superior. At the world championships in San Mateo last month that argument was moot. As always, AMF Alcott shipped all 100 competing boats to the Coyote Point Yacht Club where they were issued, brand new and at random, in their canteens to the racers. Thus, no one had the

strength, stamina and agility, but now there is also the need to master something called “kinetic sailing.”

This, in short, is the technique of applying occasional violent body movements—twists, jerks, contortions and something called “ooches”—to kick the little boat along a little faster. The use of pumping, sculling and ooching (which means just what it sounds like—hurling the body forward to boost momentum on the crest of a wave) is essential. These acrobatic techniques came to the Sunfish only after they had been widely adopted

in such swift small-boat racers as the Finn and the Laser. During the 1976 world championships in Venezuela, two superb American racers, Paul Fendler and Michael Catalano, of Rye, N.Y. and Jacksonville, respectively, introduced these gymnastic techniques to the previously genteel Sunfish class. Fendler won and Catalano was second—having applied the new techniques with such violent exuberance that he developed a hernia of his chest muscles.

Some purists worry that kinetic sailing will change the nature of the sport. Well, there was plenty of kinetic sailing at the 13th annual world championships in San Francisco Bay in mid-August. As always, the breezes were fresh and capricious and the competition was a thing of beauty. The 71 boats, each sporting a perky orange, yellow, red and white sail,



'77 America's Cup winner Ted Turner, posed in \$895 Minnieh.

resembled identically attired Rockettes, but once they had started, differences in their skippers' handling of them became obvious.

The worlds consisted of a series of six races with the scoring determined by points awarded in the best five races of each competitor. The winner was a sun-bleached blond from nearby Marin County, John Kostecki, only 18, who finished first three times and third three times, defeating runner-up Derrick Fries,

29, of Pontiac, Mich., who had won the worlds in 1975 and 1978.

Kostecki, who plays basketball and lifts weights, used plenty of kinetic action. “You have to be strong and agile,” he said. “It took a lot of concentration, quick decisions and the right body English.”

He also brought an impressive amount of local racing experience to the competition. “I practiced right here for months, this year and last,” he said. Still, until he won, Kostecki had been regarded as an also-ran. “Well, maybe they didn’t rate me up there, but I did,” he said. “The boat I was assigned was a real kick, too. The sails were so clean and the rudder was so smooth, I felt good about her right away.”

So the Sunfish sails on—a full 30 years (or 29 or 31) since it was first sketched on a sawdust-covered shop floor at the request of a pregnant woman seeking comfort. Is that any way to design the world’s most popular sailboat? Apparently yes.

Today, Curt Heyniger looks for all the world like the epitome of the village whittler. He spends most of his time now helping out at a blacksmith shop in his hometown of Woodbury, Conn., and he does whittle—miniature furniture for his wife. He’s a happy, peaceful man. “We were very lucky guys,” he says. “We probably never knew how lucky we were when it was happening.”

Alex Bryan spends his winters in Middlebury, his summers on Martha’s Vineyard, playing polf whenever he can—“except at night.” To Bryan, the phenomenon of the Sunfish still seems a little unreal, as if it had happened to someone else. “Bud and I never had any real goals in business when we started,” he says. “We just wanted to be on our own. We were just looking for something to do, something fun. I always thought it was too bad we had to go into fiber glass. Everything changed then. It changed from the nice smells of sawdust and shavings and wood to something really stinky and smelly around the shop. Sure, the fiber glass took us to where we got to be a big operation, big and rich. But, somehow, it also took the fun out of it. I really missed the fun when it was gone.”

Of course, the fun wasn’t ever really gone—at least not for the satisfied owners of 200,000 Sunfish.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 6-Sept. 12

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

PRO FOOTBALL—On the eve of the NFL's 63rd season, players' strike failed to materialize, but agreement between the Players Association and the owners still seemed remote. In Seattle, the Seahawks won their third consecutive Cleveland game while they considered the actual release of their player representative, Wade Rozum. Sam McCullum, All-SF Seahawks' returned the punting to teammate McCullum, and the possibility remained of a wildcat attack later in the week. Meanwhile, Seattle fans staged a walkout of their town. There were nearly 5,000 no-shows at the Kingdome as the Browns won 21-7. In San Francisco, the Super Bowl champion 49ers fell 23-17 before a late surge motivated by their en route coast-to-coast, now a 10-1 record. Located downstate, Los Angeles' Hurricane Trophy winner, Marcus Allen, had 116 yards on 23 carries for the Raiders. The other Los Angeles team lost 15-10 to Green Bay. Lynn Dickey passed for two touchdowns within 17 seconds in the Pack's comeback after trailing the Rams 20-0 at halftime. In Philadelphia, both Redskins Joe Thornton and Eagle Ron Jaworski had big days, each passing for nearly 400 yards, but Mark Moseley provided the difference, having a 48-yard field goal as new fan out and then kicking a 26-yarder at 4:41 of overtime to give Washington a 37-34 upset victory. The Miami Dolphins, winners in their last eight meetings with the Jets, ended four years of frustration with a 45-20 romp in New York. In New Orleans, only the years that greeted the Saints-Cards "solidarity handshake" at the outset of the game were louder than those directed at Archie Manning when he briefly replaced starter Ken Stabler at quarterback. Manning, beset for the first time in his 12-year career, threw a 1-1 with two interceptions to the Saints, 17-10 to St. Louis. 21-7. In other games, Atlanta edged the Giants 16-14 on a last-second field goal. Cincinnati shut down Houston 37-6. San Diego crushed the 49ers 31-7. Buffalo defeated Kansas City 17-10. Minnesota dispatched Tampa Bay and Detroit topped Chicago by 17-10 scores, and a battle involving two more teams, New England beat Baltimore 24-13 (page 26).

GOLF—JOHN CARNER shot a 14-under-par 202 to win his third tournament in a row, the \$125,000 Raul Chirba Classic in Springfield, Ill. She finished six strokes ahead of Stacy McAllister.

BIG GILDER, shooting a 15-under-par 271, won a \$100,000 PGA event in Saratoga, Mass. by two strokes over Fuzzy Zoeller.

SANDRA SPURZICH fired a final round 67 for a 54-hole total of 206, one stroke better than Carole Chamberlain, to win a \$155,000 LPGA tournament in Dallas.

HORSE RACING—MR. MASTER BUD (54-20), lucky Murtie up, defeated Mr. Square Head by three-quarters of a length to win the \$2 million All-American Futurity for quarter horses at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. The 2-year-old colt, who earned \$1 million for his owner with the victory, covered the 440 yards in 22.20 seconds.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON drove his Chevrolet to victory in a 400-lap Grand National event in Richmond, averaging 83.800 mph around the .54-mile 1 1/2-mile Rockwell raceway. He beat Tim Richmond, in a Buick, by 15 seconds.

BEENE ARNOUX won the Italian Grand Prix in Monza, averaging 136.39 mph for 52 laps of the 3.6-mile circuit and finishing 1406 seconds ahead of Patrick Tambay, in a Ferrari.

CALE YARBOROUGH, in a Buick, outdistanced Richard Petty, in a Pontiac, to win the \$168,800 Southern 500 in Darlington, S.C. by 40.64 seconds. Yarbrough averaged 113.224 mph around the 1.36-mile Darlington International Raceway oval.

SOCCER—The New York Cosmos might as well have a permanent tie to the final of the NANI playoffs. For the third year in a row and the fifth time in six years, they are better. New York and Arsenal, the Cosmos' aging striker, 35-year-old Giorgio Chinaglia, had a loss in the action, scoring at 5:31 of overtime to give New York its fourth consecutive regu-

lar season's straight 2-1 win over San Diego. Kenny Herbert, a midfielder who joined Seattle's MLS season from the English first division, scored an unspectacular goal at 9:25 to give the Sounders a 1-0 victory in the decisive third game against Fort Lauderdale. Two nights earlier, Hibbing had performed similar feats, scoring with 11:17 to go in overtime for a 4-1 Seattle win. So the 1983 Sounders will be a part of the 1977 team, which the Cosmos won 3-1.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS defeated Ivan Lendl 6-3, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4 to win the men's singles at the U.S. Open at Flushing Meadows, N.Y., while KRISTIE EVERETT won her sixth women's title, dominating Hana Mandlikova 6-3, 6-1 (page 16). KEVIN CUREN and STEVE DENTON beat Victor Amaratunga and Mark Pletzer 6-2, 6-7, 5-7, 6-2, 6-4 in the finals of the men's championship. ROSIE CASALS and WENDY TURNBULL won the women's doubles crown with 6-2, 6-1, 5-7, 6-2, 6-4 victory over Barbara Potter and Sherry Walsh, and in the mixed doubles, ANNE SMITH and CUREN defeated Potter and Ferdi Fingerhut 6-7, 7-6, 7-6 for the title.

TRACK & FIELD—Three individual world records fell the same evening at the European championships in Athens. DAIK THOMPSON (Austria) set a new record in the decathlon to regain the record from Jurgens Hengsten, who had set the old mark of 8,723 three years earlier. LIL RILEY (USA) broke the 400-meter women's high jump record of 6' 7 1/2, set by Janis Rains in 1978, with a leap of 6' 7 1/2. MARITA KOCH ran the women's 400 meters in 48.15 to break her own record, set in August 1979 by 45 of a second. The East German quartet of KRISTINE SIMON, SABINE BUSCH, DAGMAR RUDHIM and KOK H established a world record of 1:19.03 in the women's 4x400 relay, 1/4 of a second better than the old mark, set in 1976 by another East German team (page 66).

MILPOTEST—AWARDED By a DuDe County court (page 10), \$15 million in damages to Jockey DAVID ASHCROFT, 20, who was paralyzed from the neck down in a fall last Oct. 31 at the Calder Race Course in Miami. The six-member jury found that the track operator had been negligent in changing the design of the course, causing ASHCROFT's mount to bolt and throw him.

TRADED By the Pittsburgh Pirates, Shortstop CARLOS RIOS, 22, to the Atlanta Braves. In complete an April 29th deal for Pitcher Larry McWilliams by the Braves, Pitcher CARLOS DIAZ, 25, to the New York Mets for Pitcher TOM BAUSMAN, 29.

By the Boston Celtics, Forward DAVE COWENS, 33, who retired two years ago, to the Milwaukee Bucks for Guard QUINN BUCKNER, 21.

By the Montreal Canadiens, Defenseman ROD LANGWAY, 25, and BRIAN ENGLISH, 27, Center DOUG JARVIS, 27, and Right Wing CRAIG LAUGHLIN, 25, to the Washington Capitals for Defenseman RICK GREEN, 26, and Forward RYAN WALTER, 24. The Canadiens also sent Center DOUG RISEBROUGH, 21, to the Calgary Flames for future considerations.

DIED KEN BOYER, 51, star third baseman with the St. Louis Cardinals (1955-61) and later manager for two seasons (1975-80), of cancer, in St. Louis. Boyer, one of three brothers who played major league baseball, averaged 287 for his 15-year career and was named to the National League All-Star team seven times. He was the league's Most Valuable Player in 1964. He also played for the Mets (1966-67), the White Sox (1968-69) and the Dodgers in 1969.

CREDITS

4—Shane Hansen, 15—Illustration by Sam O. Winters; 16—10—Walter Todd Jr.; 20—21—Manny Milan; 22—23—Gladys from right; Steven P. Vukobrat; Manny Milan (2); Jackie Davis (2); 24—25—Terry Tompkins (2); 26—27—Terry Tompkins (2); 28—29—John Armstrong; Jerry Vukobrat; 30—31—Vukobrat; 32—33—Shane Hansen (2); 34—35—Shane Hansen (2); 36—37—Shane Hansen (2); 38—39—Shane Hansen (2); 40—41—Shane Hansen (2); 42—43—Shane Hansen (2); 44—45—Shane Hansen (2); 46—47—Shane Hansen (2); 48—49—Shane Hansen (2); 50—51—Shane Hansen (2); 52—53—Shane Hansen (2); 54—55—Shane Hansen (2); 56—57—Shane Hansen (2); 58—59—Shane Hansen (2); 60—61—Shane Hansen (2); 62—63—Shane Hansen (2); 64—65—Shane Hansen (2); 66—67—Shane Hansen (2); 68—69—Shane Hansen (2); 70—71—Shane Hansen (2); 72—73—Shane Hansen (2); 74—75—Shane Hansen (2); 76—77—Shane Hansen (2); 78—79—Shane Hansen (2); 80—81—Shane Hansen (2); 82—83—Shane Hansen (2); 84—85—Shane Hansen (2); 86—87—Shane Hansen (2); 88—89—Shane Hansen (2); 90—91—Shane Hansen (2); 92—93—Shane Hansen (2); 94—95—Shane Hansen (2); 96—97—Shane Hansen (2); 98—99—Shane Hansen (2); 100—101—Shane Hansen (2); 102—103—Shane Hansen (2); 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Edited by GAY FLOOD

HENDERSON'S THEFTS

Sir:

While I enjoyed Ron Fimete's excellent article on Ricky Henderson's stolen-base record (*He Finally Bagged It*, Sept. 6), I was amazed by the ignorant comments made by Sparky Anderson and by Bill James in his article (*So What's All the Fuss?*).

Anderson's theory that not all of Henderson's thefts came when the score was close and, therefore, that some of his steals shouldn't count, is nothing short of ridiculous. Should a hitter try to hit the ball softer when his team is ahead? Should those home runs Henry Aaron hit when his team was five runs ahead not count?

James is also way off base when he claims that "stolen bases don't create very many runs." I don't know how often this season Henderson has scored for the A's without the benefit of a base hit, thus "stealing" a run, but I estimate that it has happened more than a dozen times. As for James's statement that stolen bases don't have "very much to do with determining who wins," I shudder to think how poor the A's record would be without Henderson on the bases.

Baseball fans would be wise to ignore the sour grapes of these two sportsplots and give credit to the best leftfielder in the game for setting a truly incredible record.

JACK BUNGART
Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

How quickly Sparky Anderson seems to forget. He says stealing a base when your team is seven runs down doesn't mean anything. I disagree. Stealing bases helps score runs, and when you are seven runs behind, scoring is what you must do. Stealing as many bases as possible is smart, winning ball.

A team had better try to score when it's up by seven runs, too. Anderson and my Tigers failed to do this just a few weeks ago and gave a game away to the Yanks 9-7. I should Sparky forget!

JOHN H. SPEAR JR.
Houston

Sir:

The sacrifice fly and the sacrifice bunt have been a part of baseball from its inception. Anderson's Tigers brought the "sacrifice base on bunt" up from the bush leagues for the sole purpose of denying Oakland fans a chance to be a part of the big celebration when Henderson tied or broke the base-stealing record. By attempting the "sacrifice double steal," Billy Martin's A's returned that chance to their fans. In my opinion, Anderson is the only one who should be fired—a big bundle—because

there was no reason whatsoever for walking Fred Stanley.

EDWARD D. GARDNER
Marcelus, N.Y.

Sir:

As one who has played, coached, managed and umpired in organized baseball of one sort or another over the past 60 years, I say that the stolen base is definitely an offensive weapon. Why? Let me count the ways, but first, picture a Jackie Robinson on base, driving the pitcher up a wall with his antics. The pitcher might throw the ball wildly to right-field in a pickoff attempt, or he might uncork a wild pitch, or he might lay in the next pitch like a Christmas present, or he might hit or walk the batter. Any one of the foregoing could set up a run—or two. What's more, such actions stir up the team at bat, awaken the spectators and generally enliven the game. Besides which, it's lots of fun. So, Bill James, don't try to cost me on stolen bases. I wasn't born yesterday!

EUGENE L. BUTLER
Chester, Va.

Sir:

After a base is stolen, there is no need for a sacrifice bunt, the threat of a force or double play is removed, first base is left open, which often leads to an intentional walk, and, most important, the runner is in position to score on a single. And there are a lot more singles hit than home runs.

KEN JAWORSKI
Omaha

Sir:

Thanks for the candid article by Bill James. I agree with all the points he made, but I wish to throw one more tomato at Henderson before the fanfare dies down.

While there is no question that base stealing is a smart offensive move when employed in the right situation, as are sacrificing, taking a pitch on a 3 and 0 count with the bases empty, etc., it's an ugly blemish on the integrity of baseball when used as Henderson has too often used it. Henderson has been stealing bases for Henderson, not for the Oakland A's. I say let's keep base-stealing "contestants" in their proper place, alongside old-timers' games, fathers-sons games and the other sideshows.

JEFFREY JOHN FRAZER
St. Louis

THE ISSUE

Sir:

How dare you subject me to a double issue on college and pro football (*The First College & Pro Football Spectacular*, Sept. 1)? Do you realize that the sizable amount of information and the large number of terrific photos and

the numerous stories on interesting personalities in that special issue will force a drastic change in my life-style? That extra beer may never be retrieved from my refrigerator. The fertilizer might not get on my lawn until the first snowfall. The storm windows have a slimmer chance than ever of being hung on time. And, heaven forbid, I might just be forced to show my wife where the rake is in the garage. Thanks, SI. This looks like the best football season I'll ever have.

MARTY BASS
Milwaukee

Sir:

Your football spectacular was filled with the most informative football material I've ever read. The only fault I could find was with the cover. Over the course of my subscription, I've invariably been able to identify the sports figure(s) on the cover as soon as I pulled the magazine from my mailbox. But who is the ballcarrier whose "golden" legs are shown dishing across the special issue cover?

CHARLES MARSH KALM
Dayton, N.J.

• It's Georgia Tech Fullback Ronny Cone, in action against North Carolina last Oct. 3. The Yellow Jackets lost 28-7.—ED.

Sir:

I've always looked forward to your annual college and pro football issues. However, you have gone too far this year. If I had wanted to read a book on the game I would have gone to my local library. Your special issues of the past, with their concise but informative scouting reports and features, were most satisfactory. The overkill provided by your first "spectacular" is indicative of what's wrong with sports in our country today. Why must "bigger" always be confused with "better"?

PETER P. CLARK
Cooperstown, N.Y.

THE COWBOYS (CONT.)

Sir:

Congratulations, SI! The articles by Paul Zimmerman (*Dallas Can Have 'Em*) and William Oscar Johnson (*There Are No Holes at the Top*) in your special football issue were two of the best I've ever read. It seems as though there are a lot of Cowboy haters around, but there are also a lot of Cowboy lovers. Everyone in his (or her) right mind knows that the Cowboys are the most exciting team in the NFL. And the best. I look forward to this season.

DONALD STEVENS
Springville, Iowa

Sir:

I frankly don't care that much one way or

the other about pro football, but I read with interest the two articles on the Dallas Cowboys in my husband's copy of your Football Spectacular. I found it ironic that of the two, William Oscar Johnson's piece glorifying the Cowboys made me hate them more.

DOVNA GRAHAM
Stockton, Calif

Sir:

I'm proud to say that I am what Terrence Gallagher would call a Group B person—one who hates the Cowboys—and a die-hard Steeler fan. However, I know three or four Group A, front-running, cowardly Dallas fans. The article was 100% right. The Cowboy fans I know talked about Dallas being the team of the '70s. I told them that the Steelers were the team of the '70s and that they had four Super Bowl rings to prove it. The Cowboy fans said that didn't mean anything. Now, doesn't that sound like a Dallas fan?

PHIL PORTER
Branchland, W. Va.

Sir:

Bravo, Paul Zimmerman! It's about time someone wrote something critical about that "impersonal organization." I'm one of many Dallas haters and I agree with every word!

MELISSA SADDLER
Laurel, Md.

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman's story helped reaffirm my faith in football fans around the country, because it showed that I am not the only one who dislikes the Silver and Blue. I was also happy to discover that my conception of CBS as the Cowboy Broadcasting System is obviously right. Thanks for the confirmation.

TOM CARLYLE
Tucker, Ga.

Sir:

It really wasn't necessary for Paul Zimmerman to devote an entire article to an explanation of why the Dallas Cowboys are so hated. It's simple—envy and fear. And if the Cowboys are in fact the most hated team in the NFL, then they must also be the most envied and feared.

So, go ahead, Cowboy cursers. Keep that hatred at a fever pitch. We Dallas fans know that the more you hate the Cowboys, the better they must be!

MARSHA K. THOMPSON
Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman failed to profile the typical Cowboy hater, or Group B member. Anyone who hates the Cowboys more than likely hates his or her own mother, pulled for the Germans in World War II and dreams of a winter home in Cleveland. The only people in hate with America's Team are the ones who are tired of being beaten by the Cowboys.

Zimmerman, didn't you know that the hole in Texas Stadium is there so God can look down on his favorite team? That's right,

The Dallas Cowboys are not only America's Team, but also God's Squad.

MARK COFFMAN
Goree, Texas

Sir:

After reading Dallas Can Have 'Em, I had to wait half an hour to cool down so I wouldn't write anything obscene. Whoever wrote the article is a total moron and must have gotten his brain from a gumball machine. For your information, and his, I am by no means a front-runner. I love the Dallas Cowboys, and I am from Maine and now live in Florida. To prove my love is pure and not the emotion of a front-running heart, my favorite basketball team is the New York Knicks. Judging by last season's record, they didn't do too hot, but that didn't change my feelings. They're still my favorites.

I'd bet my life that if Dallas went 0-16 I'd still keep the eight Cowboy posters, a banner, a team mirror, player photographs and everything else on my wall. Also, I wouldn't throw out my 20-page scrapbook on them or my four Dallas Cowboy shirts or shorts or socks. Tell me, who's a front-runner? If I weren't a girl, I'd try out for the team!

I'd like to say what the writer can do with the article, but my dad would reprimand me severely. He, like Coach Landry, is a good Christian man, although a sinner like you and me. The other article on the Cowboys in the magazine proves just how classy The Organization is. So, I hope the little I've said has some impact on the imbecile who wrote this piece. If it weren't for jealousy, none of those people would hate the Cowboys or make the comments they did about them.

VICKIE KNOWLES
Gulfport, Fla.

PITT'S GUY
Sir:

Congratulations are in order for Douglas S. Looney. His article in your special football issue on Pitt's Dan Marino (*He's a Real Pittsburgh Guy*) was a sensational profile, as well as an entertaining look at the people and places that make up the city of Pittsburgh. As a native of the Steel City, I must say the article not only made me proud, but it also made me a bit homesick.

JOYCE S. BEKOWSKI
Eric, Pa.

Sir:

That was an excellent piece on Dan Marino. As a Pittsburgher for most of my life, I believe you've accurately portrayed the true winning spirit of all Pittsburghers. And by the way, I'm as confident as SI is that Pitt is and will be No. 1.

ROBERT E. LUNN
Deery, N. H.

Sir:

No one would question that Dan Marino is a remarkable quarterback, but one could well take issue with your statement that the Heisman competition is a two-man race between

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

him and Herschel Walker of Georgia. In fact, Marino may not even be the best quarterback in college. Have you forgotten about a young man from Stanford named John Elway?

REFUS W. HEAD, M.D.
Lincoln, Maine

Sir:

After reading six pages of praise for the University of Pittsburgh and Dan Marino by Douglas S. Looney, I hope that Florida State, Notre Dame and Penn State show up for their games against the mighty Panthers.

I wonder if Looney clearly recalls Pitt's and Marino's 48-14 losing performance against Penn State last year.

BON ROBINSON
Brookville, N.Y.

SWEET CECIL

Sir:

Franz Lidz's piece on Tampa Bay Linebacker Cecil Johnson (*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Johnson*, Sept. 6) was something I had been waiting for. I was getting tired of hearing about the great backs, the Billy Simmes, Marcus Allen, etc. Defensive players and offensive linemen should get a lot of credit as well.

JOHN EATIS
Canton, Mich.

Sir:

Three cheers for Franz Lidz's article on Cecil Johnson. It's good to know there are still some NFL players who care about a young child's life more than they care about their paychecks. It's wonderful to be able to look up to Cecil Johnson the football player and Cecil Johnson the "sweet people."

STUART WEINBERGER
Flushing, N.Y.

Sir:

I was greatly amused by the article on Cecil Johnson. Consider, if you will, his acquisition during five brief years in pro football—a new home with a swimming pool and coconut trees for the folks and a suburban split-level bachelor pad with two waterbeds, seven color TVs, five stereos, 26 speakers and a Jacuzzi for himself plus "managing Mercedes, contrasting Cadillac, a Lincoln, a Rolls and a Buick"—in light of the NFL Players Association's strident demand for more money. I was rolling on the floor laughing until I realized that the players' demand was nothing less than mind-boggling greed. If the owners give in to such astounding gluttony, they've got to be nuts.

DENNIS M. THOMAS
Swedesboro, N.J.

MEXICAN LEAGUERS

Sir:

Leo W. Banks's article (*South of the Border*, Aug. 30) on life in the Mexican League was at once funny, sad, entertaining and informative. It was also the best journalism I've read in a magazine in years.

Somewhat the players in Mexico seem to represent what baseball is all about better than today's major-leaguers do, with Pete

Rose and perhaps a few other big-leaguers being exceptions. Anybody who endures a 22-hour bus ride to play a baseball game has to love the game—even Greg Bogan, who claims he's in it just for the money.

I wish there were more ways to make this article required reading for all major-leaguers. They are very fortunate human beings and perhaps this story would remind them of that.

DONALD D. WALLACE
Winnetka, Ill.

Sir:

Caps off to Leo Banks! He had me on that bus, in the hotels and in the dugouts with the Mexican Leaguers, not just reading a magazine while sitting on my living room sofa.

PAUL G. GALVIN
Boston

RALLY CAPS

Sir:

Reader David C. Murrow (19TH HOLE, Aug. 30) suggested that the Worthington (Ohio) American Legion team, not Seattle relief pitchers Bill Caudill and Larry Andersen, first used Rally Caps, i.e., baseball caps turned inside out for good luck. I don't know who "invented" the Rally Cap, but my first encounter with it was in 1973 when then San Francisco Manager Charlie Fox often wore his cap inside out—and sometimes backwards as well—as the Giants struggled through another woeful season. Occasionally the practice worked, as evidenced by one game that I recall in which the Giants trailed the hated Dodgers 8-1 going into the eighth inning, scored six runs in the eighth and won the game 11-8 on a grand slam in the ninth by Bobby Bonds.

MAUREN LANSTYAK
Klamath Falls, Ore.

Sir:

I first saw Rally Caps used by the University of Texas baseball team during the 1979 season. ESPN sportscasters made several references to the Longhorns' Rally Caps during broadcasts of the 1981 and 1982 College World Series. The Rally Caps work almost every time... Hook 'em, bats!

SANDY ELZNER
Austin, Texas

Sir:

My teammates and I wore Rally Caps while playing at Newberry (S.C.) College during the 1979 and 1980 seasons. Sometimes they worked and sometimes they didn't. I don't claim to be the inventor of the Rally Cap, but I'd like to know who should claim credit. Would the real designer please stand up?

ANDREW D. CAMP
Miami

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